

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## THE FRONT PAGE

WHEN a Canadian has been ten or fifteen years in the United States and has "made good" he often talks to his fellow-Canadians like a self-made man addressing a class of boys in a night-school. When a man comes back on a visit after having made his pile in the Republic, or when he comes back bulging with a desire to make it appear that he is now a man of wealth and consequence, or when you run across him in New York or Chicago in the midst of a bustle that seems to have to do with matters of the weightiest import, it is sometimes a tax on your patience to listen to his talk about Canada and the slowness of Canadians. At times a Canadian will take such offence at a fellow-countryman of this stamp that he will refuse to lend him a fiver or cash his cheque for some paltry amount even although the National Bank is closed for the day.

The trouble with most of these fellow-countrymen of ours who try to tell us things for our own good, is that they pile it on a little too thick. Also they nearly always forget some things. On another page of this issue appear lengthy extracts from an article written for the New York Independent by W. R. Givens, a Canadian resident in Gotham. The Dominion is away behind the times, according to this exiled son, and he proceeds to tell us what's the matter with us as a people. He says in brief:

Ours is an old man's land, where nobody is supposed to be fit to fill any important position until he has reached the age of sixty.

Our young men swarm across the boundary to seek the openings closed to them at home.

We are under the blight of old-fogeyish notions brought out from England; we have distinctions of class and caste; the military set lord it over the civilian class; a man cannot rise above his station in life.

A small ruling class keep us always facing towards England rather than looking for trade towards our natural market on this continent.

Our universities are under control of professors imported from Great Britain who care nothing about Canada.

Our newspapers are nearly all blind party organs afraid to speak out what they think.

These are some of the points made against us by W. R. Givens, formerly of Canada. That he is determined to make a strong indictment against us is shown by his statement that "but for the Americans who have crossed into the western provinces of late the population of Canada would now be less than it was ten or twenty-five years ago." This is so far from the truth that it does much to discredit Mr. Givens. In fact, taking his article as a whole, it is pretty safe to conclude that Mr. Givens is one of those who left Canada years ago, and knows nothing of the great changes that a few years have brought about. He is writing of a Dominion that is no more; he is writing of the Canada of the nineteenth century, not of the twentieth. He does not seem to be aware that our leading cities in the past fifteen years have equalled in rate of growth any cities on the continent; that our foreign trade shows a ratio of growth greater than that of the republic; that our trade per capita has become greater than that of the republic; that our railway mileage shows a greater percentage of growth; that in our so-called "natural market" we buy three dollars' worth of goods for every dollar's worth that market takes from us, which is not encouraging, and which, perhaps, influences us to some extent in seeking to sell our surplus in Europe.

THERE is a great deal of rot talked about Canada by Canadians in the United States who know very little about Canada. For instance, Bill Jones goes to school in one of our little villages where the streets are paved with tanbark and where the population goes down to the wharf whenever a strange schooner feels her way into the harbor. When Bill leaves school and looks around the bay for an opening in life, he must either get a job on a fishing tug, work in the shingle-mill or, if he be lucky, get taken in as clerk in the general store and postoffice—the only chance on the whole horizon for wearing collars and cuffs as if every day were Sunday. But Bill has ideas in the back of his head, and so he works, saves up money, and one day he "leaves for the States," probably accompanied by some other young fellow from his own or a neighboring village, with a like desire to see the world and win fortune. They reach Detroit, in time they work on to Chicago. Bill loses trace of the other fellow—gets in with a big firm, in three or four years is put on the road as a salesman, attracts another firm's attention, is offered a managership, and in half a dozen years gets a partnership, grows wealthy and influential. Such is the story of Bill Jones; the story of the other fellow who left home with him—is different. When Mr. Jones looks about him on the whirl of Chicago and pictures Canada in his mind's-eye: what a contrast? The only Canada he knows is the Canada of the tanbark village, with one team of horses standing with drooping heads in front of the postoffice, in the lazy air the drone from the shingle-mill, on the wharf some barrels of salt that a steamer may call for some day soon, on the beach the blistered hull of a tug hauled out of the water at some time to be painted and refitted—but the owners fell asleep and left it there to rot instead.

Such was the Canada Bill Jones knew, and such is the Canada Mr. Jones remembers.

When he talks of the country he got up and left in order that his abilities could be brought into play, such was the

actual place he left behind him. In short, when he contrasts Canada and the United States he contrasts Jonesville and Chicago, for these are the places where he gained his experiences of the two countries. He is in no position to talk fairly of Canada, for it is a country he never knew. There are places like Jonesville all over the United States. You may travel from Toronto to Windsor, and then from Detroit to Chicago, and you will be forced to admit that you see poorer farm buildings and dingier and duller villages between the two American than you will between the two Canadian cities.

Most Canadians in the United States were, as young fellows, placed like Bill Jones—they had to get up and go somewhere, and naturally they struck out for the fabled country where young men went and, if ever heard from again, reported themselves rich and successful. Of late



of the branch of the Epworth League. But about 1896 he became a backslider and burned down his cheese factory to get the insurance. Then he eloped with another man's wife, deserting his own wife and child, and in a new country began murdering people for hire. According to his own story he murdered eighteen people because he was paid to do it, and conscientiously persevered in the face of many discouragements in efforts to slay three or four other men. This diligent assassin only ceased his work after being arrested red-handed and securely cooped up in prison. During a year in his cell he had time to think upon his sinful course, held deep self-communings, and recovered the religion he lost some eleven years ago. He is a changed, a converted man. He says he has made his peace with heaven; also he has made some kind of a dicker with the police and gives evidence calculated to hang half a dozen other men for abetting him in the eighteen murders he committed. Perhaps he had accomplices who deserve punishment; perhaps he has made his peace with heaven, but this cold-blooded monster, who could take off his religion to burn a cheese factory and put it on again when he found himself in prison with the blood of eighteen men on his hands, will surely not have made his peace with earth until he has been thoroughly well hanged by the neck on the tallest gallows ever erected in the State of Idaho.

If the story told by this hired man-butcher be true, three everyday citizens, Haywood, Moyer and Pettibone, leaders in the Miners' Union, sat down and coldly planned

authorities may act under the laws of common sense and in the interests of health and morals.

The other problem has to do with property. Some of these foreigners, although unable to speak English, or read the soap advertisements in the press, are shrewd enough in all matters of business. They know the value of real estate. They are cunning enough to perceive that they can make financial gain out of the dislike they inspire. For instance, they have found that when they begin filling up the empty houses in a particular street, the other houses are soon left empty, too, and they can buy property at greatly reduced prices. Here is a case in point: A widow owns a house on a street that was, a few years ago, lined on both sides with houses occupied by well-to-do mechanics. Near-by streets began to be occupied by foreigners, and soon this one began to go the same way. A fruit-peddler asked the widow how much she would take for her house and she told him to run away. This spring the house next door was bought by Italians; it is crowded with them; on Sundays they carouse in the back-yard. The widow will be able to sell to only one class of purchaser now, and at whatever price she can get. A few years ago a man built a fine brick house on a poor street. Now the cheap houses on each side of him are occupied by foreigners, who fill their back-yards with evil-looking and worse smelling trucks, and who sit out in front in the evenings in their sock feet talking jargon across his lawn. He feels that he is being stalked. His home will have to be abandoned to the foreign invasion at whatever price such customers may offer for it.

There is no way of getting over this difficulty. Foreigners must be treated fairly; although as things work out, individuals among us suffer inconvenience and loss.

PRINCE FUSHIMI of Japan is in Canada this week receiving such courtesies as it is customary to pay to royal personages. The Prince is not only a near relative of the Mikado, but a statesman who has been entrusted with important missions. Mr. Pope, the Under-Secretary of State, at Ottawa, will be in a fever of anxiety until this Prince of Nippon gets off his hands and out of the country, for at best, Mr. Pope knows us to be a raw people, much given to levity. It is reported, indeed, that he not only had much trouble in instructing the municipal rulers of Toronto how to speak a welcome in the Japanese language, but that he failed to convince some of the heads of departments at Ottawa of the necessity of draping their buildings in honor of the Oriental visitor. But it is to be hoped that the Canadian tour of the Prince will pass off pleasantly.

The Japanese are a diplomatic people, and as Prince Fushimi was going home by way of Canada, it was arranged that Gen. Kuroki with his staff, should make a trip a little in advance of him across the United States, so that nobody would feel slighted.

The visit of this exalted Japanese and the desire evinced by the British authorities, including our Governor-General, to please him, suggests the idea that Canada would be placed in a very strange position should the troubles at San Francisco or jealousy in regard to the Philippines lead to war between Japan and the United States. Great Britain and Japan are allies, and in the event of such a war all British territories would be under the most binding obligations to show towards Japan a friendly neutrality. But should such a war be entered upon, and should it prove serious—as it would—what chance is there that the people of Canada could even feign a neutral interest or conceal from the jealous eyes of Japanese agents their ardent sympathy for the cause of their white neighbors next door? No pretence along that line could be made. Our people by tens of thousands fought in the civil war. Scores of young men left Toronto for Buffalo and Detroit at the opening of the war with Spain, seeking to enlist in that campaign. Scores of them have sought adventure and seen service in the Philippines. How much more pronounced, widespread and noticeable would the movement be if the war were a serious conflict with the brown men of Japan, and with the United States using every device to work on Canadian feeling, implicate Canada, and make a breach between Great Britain and Japan, or between Great Britain and Canada. The natural sympathies of our people could be worked on and perhaps either or both these ends accomplished, for however much we may growl about the unneighborliness of our neighbors, they stand close enough to us to command our sympathy in any crisis.

Aside altogether from the general catastrophe of it, it is to be hoped that there may be no such war, for it would tangle the British Empire up hopelessly.

TORONTO is not a priest-ridden city! At the same time the parsons are seizing and occupying the strategic points. With one reverend conducting The Globe, another managing the University, and a third in charge of the jail, Toronto ought to feel perfectly safe. The good people have the bad people going and coming.

Ever since Sunday cars came in the clergy have felt that they made a mistake in sticking to their pulpits, thus inviting the enemy to concentrate attack in that quarter. They have changed their tactics for something more modern, and they now employ an extended front and seek safe cover to fight the devil. People who complain that the parsons don't stick to their trade should remember that all trades are the parson's, because all knowledge and aptitude are his. He may not have received the gift of tongue as the apostles did—and, indeed, many of them are poor preachers—but he is the beneficiary of a little Pente-

## AT NIAGARA CAMP

The Body Guard at riding and firing practice.

years young fellows have not taken it for granted that they must cross the border—they have swarmed into our own cities, they have gone west, they are pushing into the north. There are hundreds of men in Toronto who spent their boyhood in places like Jonesville and have had success in Toronto quite as rapid and great as that of Bill Jones in Chicago.

There is a curious fact worth noting in connection with this matter, and that is, that a man, to amount to much, usually needs to be transplanted. He seldom grows large if he takes root where he sprouted. There are men in Toronto whose continued and increasing success is an unending source of astonishment to those who knew them earlier and rated them lightly. They got away, shook off content, had their imaginations fired, and, hampered by no local prejudice, are making good in large affairs. The value of this process of transplanting must not be taken by Mr. Givens as due to removal from Canada to the United States, for the same thing is seen right along where young fellows quit the home town and make good in other and larger cities. When a young fellow leaves Whaley's Corners, Ont., and goes to Baltimore, Md., he can either go to the dogs or win success quicker than was possible to him at home. It is the same with a youth who may leave a village in Maryland and come to Toronto. Naturally the Republic being a hundred years older than the Dominion, had to be explored and developed first, and drew our young men away, just as that country attracted past our doors shiploads of Europeans seeking new homes. But affairs begin to take a turn. Our own young men find new homes in our own country; the young farmer of Ohio or Illinois in seeking the best wheat lands goes to Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta; the home-seeker from Europe is learning to head straight for Winnipeg, and then on into our new West. No country in the world offers young men greater opportunities than does Canada at the present time. In some respects we are still a little slow. No doubt we shall get fast enough soon enough.

Canada is coming along.

ORCHARD, the murderer over at Boise City, has got religion again. As a young man in a small village in Ontario he was as religious as the community could desire, taught a Sunday school class, and was president

HI, SERGEANT, WHERE'LL I TAKE THESE HORSES TO?



the murder of men hostile to them, pretty much as a group of generals will plan operations in a war. Instead of sending out an army to battle they sent forth this skulking slayer. One begins to see in it something that justifies the prediction made by the widow of the murdered ex-governor of the State that there has already begun a civil war that will grow to disastrous proportions.

The weakness of the whole situation lies in this that in Idaho, Colorado and Montana there has never been a full and sufficient assertion of justice in law. The law itself is lawless. The murderer often goes free unless shot down on the spot or lynched next night. If an assassin goes to trial he can put up a legal fight, secure delay and finally go free. There can be no safety except in the absolute prohibition of killing, the disarming of the population, and the working out of a system of justice that never miscarries, never forgets a crime, never forgives a criminal, and that cannot be bought, bullied nor steered by politicians.

NO city of its size in America has a smaller foreign population than Toronto, and yet there are enough of these strangers to create two curious problems, one having to do with health and the other with property. In some cases twenty or thirty people will herd in a shanty that could not comfortably house more than half a dozen, and the civic authorities propose to make these people swarm out during the hot weather and find suitable shelter before another winter arrives. They will be instructed that they will not be allowed to live as they have been doing. As no statute expressly covers the case, the



cost of his own in his ability to run everybody else's business a little better than everybody else can run it himself. There is, in fact, no position either here or hereafter that a clergyman is not competent to fill. Through the Middle Ages and later the clergy were the advisers, the chancellors of kings. It is only necessary to mention the names of Becket, Lanfranc, Wolsey, to show that the clergy are simply resuming their ancient sway when they mix in politics. Their connection with the universities has never been questioned in England, although we thought we were getting away from it in Canada, having had some bitter fights along that line. As for clergymen running newspapers, that is a development of later days, and we read nothing about it in the Middle Ages. It may be right and proper that the Rev. J. A. Macdonald should be editor of The Globe, and the Rev. Dr. Falconer president of the University, and the Rev. Dr. Chambers governor of the Jail, but what a howl would have been raised if any or all of these appointments had gone to clergymen of the Roman Catholic faith.

It is not to say that these gentlemen will not be successful in the positions they have been asked to fill. No doubt the Rev. Dr. Macdonald helps The Globe as much as The Globe helps him, although it has looked at times as if the reverend editor had a hard job to drive tandem with Conscience as wheel horse and Expediency for leader. Once in a while the team jibes and then scoffers have their laugh. The Rev. Dr. Falconer may make a good university president and keep the Presbyterian vote in order besides, but the average sinner would rather see somebody else on the job. How are the wicked to flourish like a green bay tree if all the good things go to the clergy?

No one denies that training in the church fits a man for anything. Murderer Orchard, who is not merely making a clean breast of it down in Idaho, but is fairly scooping his black soul out, got his preliminary education in the Methodist church at Wooler, Ontario. What soured him on religion was that the superintendent of the Sunday school died and he didn't get his place. Denied his legitimate ambition in the church, he turned his acquired skill in other directions. He would have actually been satisfied to remain an obscure Sunday school superintendent instead of becoming the most gifted murderer on the continent. It would have been a fine thing for Governor Steunenberg, whom he blew up with a bomb, if Orchard had got his heart's desire. It was a sad day for the governor when Orchard was obliged to seek a larger field. But it all goes to show that when a man is brought up in the church he can turn his hand to almost anything. And if this is the case with a layman, how much more with the clergy, who are the past masters and thirty-third degree men in the business?

No doubt the Rev. Dr. Chambers will make a model institution of the jail. When he gets through with it it will resemble nothing so much as a well-behaved B.B.'s class in striped clothes. The Society of Christian Endeavor will find an outlet for their energies on the stone pile, and the Band of Hope for Troughs of Tenderer Year will be encouraged. The discipline of the Methodist church will, of course, prevail—no dancing, no card playing, no going to the theatre. On matters of detail the governor will consult the writings of St. Paul, who also spent considerable time in prison. In short, so many good results are likely to spring from this appointment that one is prepared to wish that more parsons were in jails instead of being at large as they are at present.

Something must be said, however, on behalf of those party workers who have not been ordained to the ministry. They feel that Premier Whitney is not giving them a square deal when he hands out the soft snaps to the parsons. They wouldn't complain, so they say, if the parsons would come out in the open and scramble for it, but they don't like the way they slither round in gum shoes when they're after something. Nobody suspects them because they look so innocent. In short—and this is the sum of the whole matter with the "boys"—they take advantage of their sacred calling to pay calls on the cabinet ministers when nobody is noticing.

FOR some time past a rumor has been circulating to the effect that Sir Wilfrid Laurier may bring on the Dominion elections in the autumn. According to one story the elections would be brought on with "the all-red line" as a campaign cry; another version has it that the appeal to the country will be made immediately following a complete recasting of the Dominion cabinet, several men quitting and new ones taking their places. The country, it is said, will be asked to approve the reconstructed cabinet. Mr. Calvert, the Liberal whip, states in so many words that there will not be an election this year, but this alone does not count for much, as politicians consider it their duty to say to the press whatever will best serve the party interests. A business man, too, will tell a reporter that he has no intention of selling out, that he has heard nothing about it—and next day the deal is concluded. They call it "huffing the curiosity of the press," although Theodore Roosevelt would use a shorter and harsher name for it.

No doubt there will be an election this autumn if Sir Wilfrid Laurier sees good chances of winning, and if he sees ahead of him poorer chances of winning next year. But what is there hovering ahead of him for next year to disturb in the least his confidence that he can carry the country whenever he may go to the polls? The Opposition party has developed no strength worth speaking about since the last general elections. It is true that the Government is weaker than it was owing to the retirement of some ministers of ability and the total eclipse of others through personal difficulties they have butted into; it is true that Ontario is more estranged than ever from the Laurier administration and will probably send more Conservatives to Ottawa at the next chance than in any previous election—but whatever men may say on the platform no person at all familiar with politics really believes that the administration of Sir Wilfrid Laurier runs any chance of being defeated whether the elections occur this year or next. The Opposition makes no appeal to the imagination of the country either by way of policy or through the personality of its leaders. From the very first the Laurier Government has been in no danger of being put out. From the first its only risk was in wearing out, rusting out, deteriorating and tottering out—undone by the creeping infirmities that beset a party in office. As for the Opposition, it has never chosen a good fighting ground, has been without a policy, and has been strangely slow to bring new men into politics.

Sir Wilfrid will need to reconstruct his cabinet. Mr. Emmerson's usefulness is gone. Mr. Hyman, it is said, will not again be seen in Parliament. Hon. R. W. Scott and Sir Richard Cartwright are past service. Only a Premier with a supreme confidence in himself and an implicit belief that he can carry the country at the polls regardless of circumstances, would have allowed so large a chore in the way of cabinet reconstruction to accumulate on his hands.

MACK.



PROMISING.

"Do you think my mamma will notice if I act as umpire of your game?"

"Naw—she won't know you."—Life.

#### The Hudson Bay Route.

THE utter blockade of eastbound freight on all the railroad lines of the Northwestern States and Western Canada has given great impetus to the agitation for a short route to Europe by way of Hudson Bay, says Agnes C. Laut, in The American Review of Reviews.

Any schoolboy looking at a globe knows that distances east and west are shorter towards the pole than towards the equator. From Japan to Liverpool by way of San Francisco is 11,000 miles; by way of Seattle, 10,800 miles; by way of Vancouver-Montreal, 10,000; by way of Prince Rupert—the new Grand Trunk terminus—and Montreal, 9,300 miles; by way of Prince Rupert and Hudson Bay, 8,275 miles.

Take a map and look at the Atlantic seaports. New York and Montreal are both on the broadest belt of America—both at the greatest possible distance from the western shipper. Look at the little fur post of Churchill, up on Hudson Bay. It is from 1,500 to 2,000 miles nearer the western shipper than New York or Montreal. The spokes of a wheel running from San Francisco and Denver and Salt Lake and Portland and Vancouver and Edmonton to a hub at Churchill are just half as long as the spokes of a wheel running from these points to Montreal or New York.

That is the fact as to distance. It means that a railroad to Hudson Bay would cut the haul of the big transcontinental roads in half and move Liverpool 2,000 miles nearer western shippers. One hardly needs to add that such a project has been and will be furiously opposed by eastern seaports, and railroads that feed those seaports. For twenty-five years railroad projects from Winnipeg to Hudson Bay have simply been blanket charters smothered and kept in abeyance by rival railroads, but a change has come.

#### The King's Clothes.

M.A.P. gives us some interesting sartorial particulars of King Edward. He has never been guilty of eccentricities in the matter of dress nor does he ever wear anything that would markedly distinguish him from other well-dressed men; jewelry, as an article of male adornment, he abhors. His beard is well trimmed, his hat, coat, trousers, and boots fit him to perfection. All is unobtrusive and irreproachable. And yet, despite this subdued note, King Edward is, without doubt, the best dressed man in Europe.

There is a general but quite mistaken impression that the King wears a suit upon one occasion only. As he wears three suits a day this would mean about a thousand suits a year. M.A.P. continues:

"The idea has arisen probably from the fact that he is never seen in the same suit twice in succession, an arrangement made possible by the enormous size of his wardrobe, which is being continually augmented at the rate of about thirty suits a year. At his various residences he has stored away some 300 suits, in addition to numerous uniforms all ready for instant service."

"The King's knowledge of tailoring technique is considerable. He is well acquainted with the respective merits of chevots, Saxons, diagonals, and checks. He does not pay such extravagant prices for his clothes as may be supposed. For a pair of trousers he gives from \$10 to \$12.50, for a lounge suit \$50, and for an evening suit \$75. These are high prices for the average rich man, but plenty of society men pay as much."

"Altogether the King's yearly clothes bill amounts to about \$6,000. His uniforms are the most expensive considerations. He is honorary colonel of over thirty and he must have a uniform for each. He has at least 100 uniforms all ready for use at any moment."

Although the King is certainly liberal in the number of suits that he keeps on hand, no one can accuse him of extravagance in the prices that he pays. Of course the low cost of clothing in England must be taken into consideration.

MR. CHARLES A. E. HARRIS of Montreal, who is in England, recently attended a meeting of the Madrigal Society, and during the interval devoted himself to the boys. He offered a prize to the one who could name all the provinces of Canada. "It was," says the Musical Herald, "a severe test of the Chapel Royal schooling, and not very successful. However, Mr. Harris awarded his prize to the boy who did best. He gave the boys a little talk about what Canada is doing for England, which was very convincing."

SIR FREDERICK TREVES, the favorite physician to King Edward, in a recent speech stated that the time was approaching when few bottles would be found on doctors' shelves, resort being had to simple diet, simple living and plenty of fresh air and sunshine. People would leave off the extraordinary habit of taking medicine when they were sick.

REV. A. B. CHAMBERS, a Methodist clergyman, has been appointed governor of Toronto jail in succession to Governor Van Zant.

#### An Estimate of Ralph Connor's Work.

LIFE sees in Ralph Connor our Luther Burbank of literature. That journal says: To the dead-sea fruit of fiction he has grafted the early-blooming persimmon of the timely tract, and the product thereof, though a trifle pulpy and suggesting the propinquity of the pumpkin patch, is wholesome and filling and digestible. That it is marketable goes without saying. Since this pastor of a Winnipeg church (his real name is the Rev. Charles W. Gordon) put forth, almost by accident and after repeated rejections, his first essay in fiction, his publishers have been busy tabulating the returns. His latest work, "The Doctor," vies with the best of the "best sellers" in point of sales. All told, his six tales have found purchasers for 1,500,000 copies, representing several times that number of readers. We are aware that the thing has been done before—but never so impressively and significantly. Certain homilies thinly disguised as fiction have attained, it is true, an incredible circulation among people who are not readers of "literature," even in the lowliest sense of the term. . . . But Ralph Connor is entitled to more serious consideration. His books, at least, breathe the hardy spirit of the missionary, and are informed with some knowledge of human nature. They have taken their place on even terms with the most popular novels of the time; as phenomena they challenge attention. A New York critic who would lay bare the secret of their popularity ascribes it to Connor's daring "to give his heroes a capable muscle as well as high moral principles." This seems to fall short of complete analysis. A Boston Transcript contributor has found them "alive with interest upon every page." But doubtless this reviewer has a similar opinion of The Transcript, and so his views cannot be regarded as final. It seems to us that a Kansas City journalist gets nearer the truth when he says: "People who would scarcely sit through a sermon read them as do those strictly religious folk who do not accept fiction as quite a legitimate form of literature."

This school of fiction so robustly represented by Ralph Connor can do no harm. True, he would not be eligible to the Authors' Club, which prescribes the production of something "proper to literature" as a qualification for membership. But even William Waldorf Astor has been blackballed by that ultrafastidious organization, and has survived to serve Truth with the flashlight of journalism. And, with Ralph Connor, fiction is only a means to the end. Were it otherwise; were mere literature his principal and professed pursuit, it would be easy to institute a wholesome comparison. Perhaps this would not be wholly lost on some of his extravagant admirers. We wonder if they could conceive, for instance, how differently the incident of "Bill's Bluff" in "The Sky Pilot" would be treated, say, by Owen Wister—and just what that difference would be.

#### Advertising Western Canada.

SUCCESS is the latest publication to advertise Western Canada, notes The Calgary Herald. Under the caption "The Wheatlands of West Canada," Edward E. Higgins, the leader-writer of this magazine, treats the subject in a very businesslike way, presenting much valuable statistical information to the intending immigrant in a very readable form.

Along with the article on the American stampede into Canada in the current issue of Pearson's this makes the second of the series resulting from the recent visits of American magazine writers.

The following American publications are at the present giving publicity to the Canadian West: American Review of Reviews, Success Magazine, Pearson's Magazine, Outing, World's Work, The World of To-day, The Cosmopolitan, Everybody's Magazine, The Metropolitan, The National Magazine. The last-named magazine will contain the article from the pen of Joe Chapple, who is making a complete tour of the Dominion for that purpose. Mr. Chapple is a strong writer, and his remarkable handling of the Panama Canal as a subject was probably one of the greatest means of focusing public attention and sympathy to that project of any of the methods adopted.

His views on the subject of Western Canada and its enormous potentialities will be looked forward to with keen interest.

A PRETTY and pleasant little incident was that reported recently, in which Captain Fullam, of the United States navy, gallantly went to the assistance of an Englishman in the Honduras whose Union Jack a pack of revolutionists had torn down. Conceivably, Americans had been on the look-out for some such chance of repaying a debt of gratitude which they owed us over an affair in Chili, says the Weekly London Standard. An American sailor ashore having taken too much of the wine of the place, administered a thump over the head to a colored policeman, and the local fathers said that he must die. In vain the American Consul protested; the man was led out to be shot. The English Consul, seeing what was toward, ran with his flag to the square. "Good heavens, Loring," he cried to his American confrere, "surely you're not going to let them shoot him?" "What can I do?" was the melancholy answer. The Englishman rushed to the prisoner, folded the American flag about him and the Union Jack on top of that. "Now shoot, if you dare, through the heart of England and America!" he yelled.

GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT WINTER of the Grand Trunk Pacific says that the work of grading between Portage la Prairie and Winnipeg will be started at once, and that rails will be laid into Winnipeg by the opening of next winter.

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When your Spring house cleaning shows up the defects of the

### WALL PAPERS

and other furnishings of the room the name of ELLIOTT will occur to you. Whether it is wall papers, window shades, curtains, furniture or floors we have the correct thing and at reasonable prices.

**ELLIOTT & SON, Limited**

79 King Street West, Toronto

### SUMMER WEDDINGS

Catered for with a skill that delights everybody.

Our hand-some Wedding Cakes are noted for their perfect excellence.

MAY WE SERVE YOU?

**Giles**

710 Yonge Street Phone N. 2004  
N. 2006



Have you spent an hour or so here in the evening?

If not, make a note to drop in some evening. There is an exclusiveness which is appreciated by the man who wishes to dine well.

You will spend a pleasant hour, we are sure of it.

Table d'Hôte daily, from 6 p.m. to 8.30 p.m.  
(Sunday included)

### English Sporting Jewellery

Many of these designs are quite taking. We show the fox, the fox's head, the crop, the bit; the stirrup, the horse shoe, the horse's head, and the whole horse in pins or safeties. They are all out of the ordinary and not expensive. In gold they cost from about \$2 upwards. Our stock has something for everybody.

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ESTABLISHED 1840

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**Dunlop's**

96 YONGE STREET

Flowers expressed to any point

Night and Sunday, Phone Park 792



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LOAN & SAVINGS  
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share in the  
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Electric Railway Bonds in  
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per cent of stock.  
WRITE FOR INFORMATION TO  
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be had on application.

Head Office 17 Richmond St. West



8 Richmond St., E., Toronto  
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager

**THE HOME BANK  
OF CANADA**

NOTICE is hereby given that the  
annual general meeting of the  
shareholders of THE HOME BANK  
OF CANADA will be held at the  
Head Office, 8 King Street West,  
Toronto, on Tuesday, the 25th day  
of June, 1907, for the election of Directors  
and for the transaction of such  
other business as may be brought  
before said meeting. The chair will be  
taken at twelve o'clock noon.

By order of the Board.

JAMES MASON,  
General Manager.  
Toronto, May 22nd, 1907.

**OUTING  
SUITS  
CLEANED**

Golf, tennis  
and other  
costly  
clothing  
cleaned  
to the  
satisfaction  
of  
particular  
people.

**R. PARKER & CO.**  
Dyers and Cleaners, Toronto.

261 and 731 Yonge St., 59 King St. W., 471  
and 1284 Queen St. W., 377 Queen St. East

## THE INVESTOR

TORONTO

MONTREAL



HON. ROBT. MACKAY  
Montreal

TORONTO, JUNE 13, '07.  
THE "smash-up" in the Cobalt  
speculative craze has to some extent  
caused an unsettled feeling in  
the regular lines of commerce. In  
many towns and villages, as well as  
in larger centres of population, the  
speculative habit had extended to mining  
issues of unknown quantity and  
value. Tens and hundreds of thousands  
of dollars of scrip had been  
sold in many small places throughout  
the province, and the aggregate losses  
have been very heavy. Any profits  
that were secured went into the  
pockets of the promoters. It has  
been stated with considerable truth  
that the delinquencies of many retail  
merchants in meeting their ordinary  
business obligations have arisen wholly  
or in part through the severe losses  
incurred in these wild-cat speculations in mining stocks. Of course the cold, backward season has been a good  
excuse for not meeting obligations for dry goods, and in a  
measure there is a great deal of truth in this contention.  
but we are inclined to believe that the root of the evil is  
in blind speculation.

The news of the week brings out the fact that the church  
is not free from speculative influences.  
The Presbyterian body, with its high code  
of honor and morals, seems to have been  
engaged in a business which, it is admitted,  
"was not strictly legal, but productive of revenue." One  
of the church's legal luminaries, a gentleman who for  
years has been the guardian of the youth of the church,  
"did not defend investments in call loans," but he stated,  
"a call loan was not necessarily a bad investment." Perhaps  
he is not aware that a speculator or a gambler in  
stocks must necessarily have a "call loan" to enable him  
to take "a flyer in the market." From the proceedings  
of the Presbyterian Assembly, convened in Montreal this  
week, the fact comes out that the church's funds have  
been augmented by lending money on stocks "at call."

This method of increasing the funds has apparently been  
satisfactory, for it is clearly stated that no losses were  
incurred by so doing. Of course the speculator might  
lose, as he generally does, but then the church did not.  
However, there was a loss of \$37,000 through an unfortunate  
investment for Knox College. Some of the members  
of the Assembly were in favor of overlooking such a  
trifling loss, as the late treasurer had on more than one  
occasion made larger gains for that body than anyone  
had anticipated. While the term "investments" were  
strictly adhered to by the church people in their discussions,  
we think "speculation" would have been the more  
appropriate word. "Dominion Coal" was one of the investments.  
Then there was the "Imperial Rolling Stock Co.," "Electrical Development Co. of Ontario," "Trinidad  
Electric Co.," "Port Hood Richmond Ry. Coal Co.," "Toronto  
and York Radial Co.," "Niagara Falls Power Co.,  
New York," "Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Co.," "Metropolitan  
Bank Stock." It may be stated that the biggest  
loss was in Dominion Coal Co. stock.

This line of "investments" to the lay mind at least  
would convey the impression that its character was more  
of a speculative nature than otherwise. We admit, however,  
that individually there may be one or two exceptions  
in the list, but on the whole they are untried investments  
that a shrewd man would let alone. The trustees  
in whom the Presbyterian Church administration rests  
are no doubt responsible for its financial condition. The  
free hand that the late Dr. Warden was allowed in making  
"investments" for the church was a power that no body  
of intelligent business men would vest in one of their

furnishing the most essential instrument  
in such speculation—the lending  
of money at call on securities—is,  
to put it mildly, inconsistent with  
the teachings of the church.

The readjustment of the affairs of  
the Sovereign Bank,  
Sovereign Bank.

which was submitted to  
the shareholders at the  
annual meeting on Tuesday,  
was the chief event in local  
financial circles this week. It is  
needless to say that many shareholders  
were surprised and even shocked  
at the drastic measures that had to be  
submitted to so that the bank could be  
put once more on a solid basis. The  
pruning knife cut deeply into the assets  
of this bank. There was \$700,655 written  
off for bad debts, \$150,607 for depreciation in securities,  
and \$48,100 for reduction in bank premises and furniture.  
In addition the sum of \$541,494 was set aside in contingent  
fund for accounts which are in liquidation, or on which  
there is a large element of doubt, and \$800,000 as a further  
contingent fund in respect of certain unsatisfactory  
advances, the outcome of which is at present by no means  
clear. To do this it was necessary to appropriate the  
whole of the rest fund, leaving the bank with a paid-up  
capital of \$3,000,000 as against \$4,000,000. After this was  
done there remains \$25,252 to be carried forward to profit  
and loss account for the current year. This wholesale  
paring down of \$2,255,000 was necessary to put the bank  
in a perfectly sound condition. It is possible that the  
contingent accounts may turn out better than anticipated,  
in which case it will go to form a nucleus for a reserve fund.  
The heavy losses were sustained by granting loans indiscriminately  
and in the attempt to build up a large business  
without regard to old-fashioned methods. Any ability and  
enterprise the late general manager may have possessed in  
building up this institution has been more than offset by  
the distress and troublesome time the shareholders and  
many customers have undergone the past few months.  
The new management, although having cut deeply into the  
assets of the bank, are likely in a short time to get the  
confidence of the community, and establish the Sovereign  
Bank on a solid foundation.

The increase in railway operating expenses is very marked,  
and although many roads on this  
continent show fairly good increases in gross,  
the net earnings in a large number of cases  
will fall short of those of the previous year.

The increased wages and higher cost in maintenance cut  
a very important figure in the ordinary expenses of railways,  
and it is not unlikely that some roads will be obliged  
to reduce dividends before a great while. The Canadian  
Pacific Railway Company, with perhaps one exception,  
heads the list of roads in making the largest increase in  
gross earnings since July 1, 1906, yet its net earnings  
show a comparatively small increase. For instance, the  
gross earnings of this road for the ten months ended  
April 30, increased \$7,795,000, or about 16 per cent., while  
net earnings during the same period increased only \$1,  
500,000, or 8 per cent., as compared with the corresponding  
period of the previous fiscal year. For the month of April  
the gross earnings increased \$846,000, while the net earnings  
increased but \$24,367. In the eleven months of its  
fiscal year the C.P.R.'s gross earnings were \$65,361,000,  
and it is estimated that they will reach about \$71,000,000  
for the year, or an increase of nearly \$10,000,000 as compared  
with the previous fiscal year.

It is rather curious to find that nearly all the mining stocks  
have dropped away down from the  
prices that ruled during the winter.  
One would suppose that with the coming  
of fine weather, the opening up  
of summer work, and the influx  
of new capital and new men, a boom  
would result. But the state of the  
money market has much to do with it.  
The actual mines at Cobalt are  
wonderful properties—but which are  
the actual mines? It will be curious  
if some other rich mining centres  
are not opened up during the present  
year, for a great army of treasure  
hunters are scouring the whole north  
country. Reports are already in of  
lucky finds in one part and another  
of that great expanse of country now  
being ransacked for the first time by  
men who know what they are looking  
for. A man who kept count states  
that over a thousand canoes passed  
his place along the Montreal river in  
a fortnight, showing what a force  
of men are now searching for minerals  
in that district alone. If they  
find what they seek it will be a good  
thing for Cobalt, for it will draw  
gamblers and speculators away from  
that substantial camp and allow its  
mines to be worked as properties.



A Famine Scene in China.

The famine in China, where thousands upon thousands of people all over an immense region  
of country are starving, is something that is difficult to understand in Canada. The picture,  
taken from The Graphic, shows an Englishman being mobbed by Chinese, who are fighting  
and begging for a tin of biscuits he carries. Such is the condition of things throughout the  
famine district.

members for a single moment. The excuse that the late  
treasurer had been successful in many of his speculations  
for the church does not alter the situation. Responsibility  
is greatly lessened in financial operations by the elimination  
of risks as far as possible, and the church should  
have been guided by the common sense principle in their  
investments.

The great trouble appears to be in the reaching out  
for the higher rate of interest, with little attention given  
to safety, and in striving to make big and quick profits.  
Granted that mistakes are unavoidable at times, the resources  
of the Presbyterian church have for years been  
sufficiently large to enable the management to overcome  
an occasional error in judgment, assuming of course that  
the investments had been selected with some degree of  
conservatism.

While the ministers of the church discourse on the  
sinfulness of speculation, with its baneful results, the example  
of the trustees in inciting speculation in stocks by

The amount of life insurance written in Canada the past  
year shows a considerable falling off. Under  
the general conditions of prosperity and increasing  
wealth, there should have been an  
increase in the number of policies issued.

## Life Insurance.

The decrease is therefore attributed solely to the character  
of the investments as shown up by the Insurance  
inquiry. This is the more marked inasmuch as the British  
companies in Canada increased their business, while the  
business of Canadian and United States companies decreased.  
The amount of new insurance taken up last year  
in the Canadian companies was \$62,699,343, which represents  
a decrease of \$4,839,798, as against 1905. In previous  
years the record had been one of steady progress.  
The business of the United States companies, however,  
is even worse hit. The new insurance effected by them  
last year was \$28,093,484, which is \$6,392,831 less than it  
was the year before. The British companies alone seem

## BANK OF HAMILTON

SAVINGS  
ACCOUNTS  
INVITED

INTEREST PAID  
QUARTERLY

BRANCHES IN THE CITY OF TORONTO  
34 Yonge Street Cor. Yonge and Gould  
Cor. Queen and Spadina Cor. College and Ossington  
Toronto Junction

## THE BANK OF OTTAWA

credits interest on Savings Accounts

QUARTERLY.

OFFICES IN TORONTO:

37 King St. East and corner of Broadview and Gerrard

## THE CROWN BANK OF CANADA

DIVIDEND No. 6

Notice is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of one  
per cent. has been declared upon the paid-up Capital Stock of  
this Bank and that the same will be payable at the head office  
and branches on and after Tuesday, the 2nd day of July next.  
The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 30th  
June, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board,

G. de C. O'GRADY,

General Manager.

Toronto, 28th May, 1907.

**Dominion Express**  
Money Orders  
Safe - Convenient - Economical

Payment is guaranteed and a prompt refund will be made, or a new order issued  
without extra charge, if order is lost, stolen or delayed in transit.  
Payable at par in over 30,000 places in Canada, United States, Newfoundland,  
West Indies, Central and South America, Hawaii, Philippines and the Yukon.

## FOREIGN CHEQUES

issued in Sterling, Marks, Francs, Lire, etc., payable in all commercial countries of  
the world at current rates.

## TRAVELERS' CHEQUES

in denominations of \$10, \$20, \$50, \$100 and \$200, with equivalents in Foreign Money  
printed on each cheque. They are self-identifying and payable everywhere.  
Superior to Letters of Credit.

## Agencies throughout Canada

Toronto Main Office, 48 Yonge St.

Numerous branch agencies in Drug Stores,  
etc., convenient to business and residential  
districts, open early and late.

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Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000.00

Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits, \$1,183,713.23

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40-46 King Street West  
Corner College and Bathurst Sts.  
Dundas and Arthur Sts.  
Queen St. East and Lee Ave.  
Queen St. West and Dunn Ave.  
Queen and McCaul Sts.  
Gerrard and Main Sts., East Toronto

## ALL BANKING FACILITIES

Foreign and Domestic exchange bought  
and sold. Letters of Credit issued—  
available everywhere. Collections  
promptly and satisfactorily made.  
Correspondents in United States and  
Europe.  
SAVINGS DEPARTMENT—\$1 opens an  
account. Interest compounded FOUR  
times a year.

**CANADIAN PACIFIC**  
TO....  
**MUSKOKA**

New direct lines from Toronto to Bala  
connecting for all points on the lakes.  
Fast through service from New York,  
Pittsburg, Buffalo and U.S. points.

Passenger Service  
Starts  
Saturday, June 22.

Fast trains, smooth running roadbed,  
best of equipment, night and day  
flyers.

Write for new Muskoka folder, (ex-  
cellent maps) train times and full in-  
formation. Address

O. B. FOSTER, District Passenger  
Agent C.P.R., Toronto.

**DUTCH STUDIO**  
PHOTOS

Lovely June Weddings—  
this is the month for them.  
Brides of June and July  
will receive a photo free of  
all charge to them with all  
orders left with the

**DUTCH STUDIO**  
318 Yonge Street  
TORONTO

**GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY**  
SYSTEM

Important Change of Time

Taking effect next Sunday, June 16th,  
"Ontario Limited" will leave Toronto at 4:15  
p.m. daily for Hamilton, Brantford, Paris,  
Woodstock, Ingersoll and London, arriving  
London 7:35 p.m. "Ontario Limited" east-  
bound will leave London 9:00 a.m. arriving  
Toronto 12:15 p.m.

International Limited for Detroit and  
Chicago will leave Toronto at 4:40 p.m. and  
will not carry passengers from Toronto ex-  
cept for points beyond London.

Buffalo Express (now leaving at 5:00 p.m.)  
will start at 4:05 p.m., reaching Buffalo at  
7:20 p.m. and will have Muskoka Express  
equipment of handsome coaches, parlor  
buffet and buffet parlor cars.

New York Express will continue to leave  
at 6:10 p.m. with through Pullman sleeper to  
New York, via parlor car to Buffalo.

A new train will leave Toronto at 11:00  
p.m. daily for Brantford, Guelph, Berlin,  
Stratford, London, Detroit and Chicago now  
leaving at 11:20 p.m. via Hamilton will run  
on this train.

The 9:00 a.m. Montreal Express will con-  
nect daily except Sunday at Port Hope for  
new train for Peterboro, Lakefield and Stony  
Lake points.

On main line west, train leaving Toronto  
at 7:20 a.m. except Sunday, will run through  
to Goderich, reaching there 11:35 a.m. and  
will carry buffet car. It will make direct  
connection at Georgetown for Becton, Alliston,  
etc., and at Berlin for Elmira.

The present 4:00 p.m. train will leave daily  
except Sunday at 3:45 p.m. for Guelph, Ber-  
lin, Stratford, Sarnia, Port Huron and con-  
nect for Chicago.

New train will leave at 4:15 p.m. daily ex-  
cept Sunday for Guelph, Palmerston, Kin-  
cardine, Southampton, Owen Sound, etc.,  
connecting direct at Georgetown for Becton,  
Alliston, etc.

On Northern Division Morning train will  
leave at 8:10 a.m. instead of 9:00 a.m. except  
Sunday, reaching Barrie, Collingwood,  
Orillia and all points north 45 minutes earlier  
than heretofore.

Muskoka Express (Buffalo Section) will  
start Saturday, June 15, leaving Toronto 11:40  
a.m., making direct connections for Pen-  
tanguish and Muskoka Wharf and at Hunts-  
ville with steamers.

Muskoka Express (Toronto Section) will  
start Monday, June 17, leaving Toronto 11:20  
a.m., arriving Muskoka Wharf 2:35 p.m.,  
elegant coaches and buffet parlor car service.

Jackson's Point (Saturday Special) will  
leave at 1:40 p.m., commencing June 18, and  
on other week days will leave at 4:30 p.m.

The night Muskoka service will commence  
June 18.  
A new train will arrive at Toronto except  
Sundays from Guelph and north branch lines  
at 11:55 a.m. And another new train from  
Port Huron, Stratford, Guelph and north  
branch lines will reach Toronto 4:55 p.m.  
For further particulars call at city office,  
northwest corner King and Yonge Sts.



## IMPERIAL BANK

OF CANADA

Capital Paid-Up \$4,800,000.00  
Reserve \$4,800,000.00

Branches in Toronto:

HEAD OFFICE, WELLINGTON STREET  
AND LEADER LANE  
YONGE AND QUEEN STREETS  
YONGE AND BLOOR STREETS  
KING AND YORK STREETS  
WEST MARKET AND FRONT STREETS  
KING STREET AND SPADINA AVENUE

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

Interest allowed on deposits.

AGENTS WANTED  
Guardian Assurance Co.LIMITED  
Funds: Thirty Million Dollars  
Apply Manager, Montreal

## Many Ladies Prefer

to have their hose supporters permanently attached to the corset. For them, there is a special style of

"C. M. C."  
SUPPORTER

As shown in the illustration

Like all other good things there are imitations. Look for "C. M. C." on every clasp.

C. H. WESTWOOD & CO.,  
Limited  
Manufacturers, Toronto.

## MINNIE H. BROWN

Teacher of High-Class Karamas  
Studio—Room 5, above Petersen's  
Art Rooms,  
382 Yonge Street, TorontoWedding  
Cakes

from Webb's are unequalled for fine quality and artistic decoration.

They are shipped by express to all parts of Canada, safe arrival guaranteed.

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Limited  
447 Yonge St., Toronto

## Culverhouse Optical Co., Ltd.

## Optometrists

Those beautiful thin curved lenses we supply in all their different combinations. Prompt and efficient service.

CULVERHOUSE OPTICAL CO.  
M.4558, 8 Richmond St. EastThe Travelling  
Suit

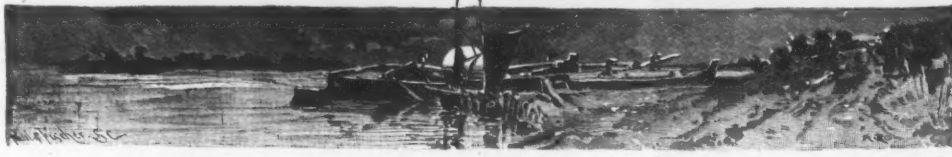
The month of weddings is also a month of worry in choosing the going away gown. Our specialty is tailor made suits that please and that for fit, workmanship and style, are perfect. Just visit our tailoring rooms at

280 College Street.  
S. H. FERGUSON

to have been unaffected. Their new business increased in the year by half a million dollars. The lapses in Canadian companies last year amounted to \$26,800,876, which is four and a half million dollars more than it was in 1905.

A contemporary has this to say on the money situation: Unless all signs fail, June should witness some moderating of the tight money troubles.

But, at the same time, it is doubtful if conditions will get really easy, as the banks are still facing the fundamental causes that produced the stringency—the



COMMENCEMENT garden party last Friday afternoon, for which the chancellor, president and senate of Varsity had sent invitations some days before, was a bright and beautiful scene, about four o'clock, when the quadrangle was filled with handsomely gowned ladies, pretty girls in summery muslins, professors in cap and gown, and students galore, the girl graduates wearing their black college gowns and having their heads uncovered, while sheaves of roses in various stages of collapse after the strenuousness and high temperature of the previous ceremonies, were carried proudly, as an earnest of congratulations on their success. The girl graduate is a type apart, and must be taken seriously; she is seldom inclined to frivolities on commencement day. The charming and handsome daughter of Professor Vandersmissen took her degree on Friday, and has been a thorough student. Chief Justice and Mrs. Moss welcomed the guests and very soon after the commencement party had taken possession of the refreshment marquee, there wasn't a strawberry nor a spoonful of ice-cream to be had for love nor money. So complete was the clearance that the waiters simply took away the tables as a conclusive hint of "nothing doing." Late comers were highly amused, and those who knew a better thing found their way into the various little tea-rooms plenished with the daintiest of fare by the good lights of learning whose especial domain they were. Professor McLennan had quite an important tea party in his quarters, including the Misses Mortimer Clark, who came about half-past five to the garden party. Mrs. and Miss Alexander of Bon Accord, and Miss Isabel Creelman of Montreal, Mrs. W. and Miss Davidson, Mrs. Cowan and Miss Sophie Michie, Mrs. and Miss Grant Macdonald and Mrs. Overton Macdonald, and several other friends. All these favored ladies had a jolly half hour together, and various professors did the honors. A group of very smartly gowned and chatting young matrons included Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston in a walking costume of Rajah silk, and a pretty hat with flowers; Mrs. W. R. Riddell, in a yellow gown and hat with plumes to match, and Mrs. James, in a dainty black and white gown. Miss Mortimer Clark wore a turquoise and lettuce green changeable taffeta costume and black hat, and Miss Elise a very faintly checked white and black silk, in which she looked very pretty; Miss Creelman was in a trim, girlish cream cloth costume, the Eton coat opening over an embroidered lingerie blouse. She came on from Montreal to fetch away her youngest sister, Miss Edith, who was at Miss Beal's school this year, as Mr. Creelman is taking his three daughters off to England for a summer visit. Among the guests at the garden party were: Principal and Mrs. Hutton, Professor and Mrs. Mavor, Professor and Mrs. Alexander, Messrs. and Miss Mavor, Professor and Mrs. Edgar, Professor and Mrs. Mackenzie, Professor Squair, Professor and Mrs. Keyes, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, Dr. and Miss Scadding, Lady Mulock, Mrs. McDowall Thomson, Mr. and Miss Florence Sheridan, who have recently returned from Europe, Miss May Agnes FitzGibbon, Mrs. Marani, Miss Mason of Ermeleigh, Colonel and Mrs. Dehamere, Mrs. and the Misses Keating, Dr. and Miss Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Dr. and Mrs. Thistle, Mr. and Mrs. Willison, Miss Sniveley, Dr. and Mrs. Baines, Colonel and Mrs. J. B. Maclean, Mrs. Selwyn, Dr. and Mrs. Temple and hundreds of others. The band of the 48th Highlanders played splendidly during the garden party, and when, at six o'clock, the strains of the national anthem sounded the signal for leaving, everyone was quite sorry to go. Such a lovely day is not often granted for this festivity, and the fine warm weather was all the more appreciated by reason of its rarity this month.

On the next afternoon, June 8, there was a most successful lawn fete given in Varsity quad by a number of prominent society folk interested in the prosperity of that splendid institution, the Humane Society, the fete lasting all afternoon and evening. I am told it was most successful, and judging from the names of those taking an active part, it must have appealed to our best circles. The patrons were His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, Mr. Goldwin Smith, Lady Pellatt, Mrs. Osler of Craigleigh, Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Walker, Mrs. H. D. Warren, Mrs. Kerr of Rathnelly, Mrs. John Cawthra, Mrs. Nordheimer, Miss Constance Boulton, Miss Stanley, Mrs. Frank Fleming, Misses Smith and Massey, Miss Audrey Larratt Smith, Miss Hilda Boulton, Mrs. G. Harley Roberts and Miss Howard were some of the ladies taking infinite pains with the various stalls, booths, dances and cafe chantant doings. The Grenadiers band played both afternoon and evening.

That the hearts of legions of friends were saddened and shocked last week, when the news of Mr. Alec Mackenzie's death was heard, goes without saying. Every circumstance made it a hard saying and exquisitely pathetic and mournful. Not yet thirty years old, able, energetic, enthusiastic at work or play, with a lovely young wife, two fine little children, a luxurious home and success walking hand in hand with all his enterprises, Alec Mackenzie held life's cup full to the brim! One hears from intimate friends of his joyous grasp of all life's interests, how well he worked, how well he played, what a popular and notable young man he had become, by virtue of his sterling quality and friendly nature. On Sunday afternoon, as he was borne to his rest in the quiet country cemetery at Kirkfield, surrounded by his soldiers in kilted array, who marched solemnly with arms reversed, while the heart-breaking minor call of the pipes wafted a lament on the bright air, the people who lined the miles of streets through which the cortege passed, shed tears of sincere feeling. The casket rested on a draped gun-carriage, drawn by six horses, ridden by men of the Royal Artillery, the flag cast over it and the busby and swords laid thereon told their mute and touching tale of loyal service. It

great demand for money from commercial, industrial, and municipal sources. It is quite likely, owing to the rather peculiar state of affairs, that many of the banks will wish to run strong in cash during the summer and early autumn. The crop outlook is uncertain, taking the most optimistic view of it; the frequent recurrence of weak spells in the New York security markets is not exactly reassuring. And taken altogether, the attitude of the more cautious of the bankers, who are advising their borrowing customers not to be reckless in assuming responsibilities, has much to justify it.

seems but the other day that one saw the brave laddie marching at the head of his company on the parade at Quebec on their way to London for the coronation. All the city regiments turned out or sent several representatives to the funeral, and half a mile of carriages followed them from Glen road to the Union Station. At the home of the deceased gentleman, Father Teefy held a short service, the room which was set apart for the purpose being a mass of exquisite flowers, the casket banked with sorrowful tributes from hosts of friends. Two married sisters and two brothers of the deceased were in Toronto, to be with his mother and wife in their sorrow, and Mr. Mackenzie arrived this week, while the four young girls, radiantly enjoying the delights of London and Paris, found their days suddenly darkened with this first break in their large family circle, and are now on their way home. For the sweet young wife and all other relatives of Mr. Mackenzie the deepest sympathy is everywhere expressed, and a general sense of loss to the social business and sporting world is frankly and feelingly acknowledged.

Mrs. Beckett, formerly Miss Macpherson, daughter of the late Sir David Macpherson, came to town last Friday on the Winnipeg express, and was at the Queen's until she left Toronto on Tuesday; that is to say, the Queen's was supposed to be her *piet a terre*, but the ever-charming visitor was simply carried off each morning after breakfast to spend a few hours with this or that friend, so that her days were filled with various hospitalities. On Sunday Mrs. Beckett spent a little while with her old friend, Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, and looked the sweetest picture in a soft grey gown with lovely old lace, and her snowy hair softly waved under a quiet grey toque. She has always been an ideal *grande dame*, and seems to look better each time she visits Toronto.Mrs. Heward and her daughters will summer in Niagara-on-the-Lake. There is a general exodus over there this week, and many smart people will this afternoon attend the "Body Guard tea," which is given each year under canvas, and at which Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton Merritt is always such a splendid host. The traditions of Body Guard hospitality in camp have never been suffered to fade, and the officers of the dashing corps have always been *facile princeps* with their fair guests.

Mrs. MacMahon gave an informal tea on Thursday in honor of Miss Strathy of Montreal, who is on a visit with Mrs. Strathy, 17 Walmer road.

Dr. and Mrs. Aikens, College street, who have been abroad, returned this week, and were to have been back in their home to-day.

Mrs. Mabey and Miss Mahel are enjoying themselves hugely in Paris.

One of the always smart and interesting events of June is the R. M. C. dance at Kingston, which will take place on the 24th.

Major and Mrs. Foster, formerly of Erlescourt, now settled in England, have been bidding good-bye to Toronto friends, and have left for England. Erlescourt having been sold to a building syndicate, it is unlikely that its former master and mistress, neither of whom seem in robust health, will revisit Canada.

The approaching marriage of Mrs. F. Cockburn Clemow of Ottawa, and Mr. W. B. Northrop of Belleville, has been quietly announced to intimate friends and relatives, some little time since, but no formal arrangements have been made, as the ceremony is to be very quiet indeed. The friends of both parties will, however, send hearty good wishes next month to both these estimable persons. Mr. Northrop is one of the handsomest and most genial members of the Dominion Parliament, a widower, with one grown-up son, and Mrs. Clemow was Miss Mary Fitch of Atherley, Toronto, a sister of Mrs. Somerville and Mrs. G. Capron Brooke.

Among the multiplying rest cures which follow the needs of the strenuous life of to-day is a very cosy one at 2 Maple avenue, Rosedale, where our friends and friends of our friends are enjoying its pleasant home comforts.

Miss Hannah MacKay, who has undergone an operation at Miss Lash's hospital, Wellesley street, is doing well, and hopes soon to be at home again.

The funeral of the late lamented Muriel A. Jones, wife of Mr. G. H. Jones, took place last Friday at half-past three o'clock, Rev. Canon Welch officiating at the service held in the library of the Jones residence, 73 St. George street. The bay window and walls of the library were completely banked with tall palms and graceful ferns, giving the effect of a chapel of living green, and exquisite flowers were in profusion. Only friends Mrs. Jones had particularly cherished were present, besides the family, as the funeral was a private one. The remains were afterwards interred in Mount Pleasant Cemetery in the family plot. On Saturday Miss Jones returned to Muskoka, accompanied by her sister. Miss Quinlan and Miss Gladys Dixon are remaining on at 73 St. George street.

St. Alban's Cathedral League is arranging a *fete champetre* in Ravenswood grounds, which Mrs. Arthurs, always generous, has loaned for the event. The date is fixed for Tuesday, June 25, afternoon and evening. All sorts of attractions are promised, and those who know the charming ravines back of Ravenswood need no urging to betake themselves thither in good time.A Legal Depository  
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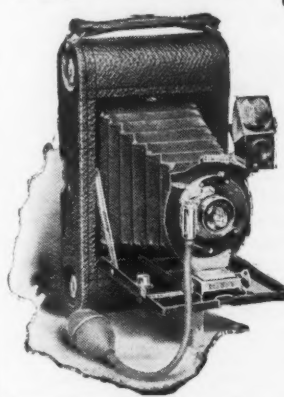
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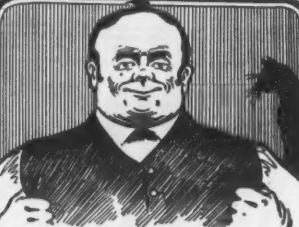


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## Democratic Dukes.

THE story, which has recently gone the rounds of the papers, about the American who happened to get into a smoking compartment on an English railway coach with the Duke of Norfolk and was ordered out by the guard, is regarded by P.T.O. as an unlikely tale, and one which deserves to be balanced by an incident which can be found related in an official publication of the United States Government. In the report of the United States Commissioner of Education for 1902, vol. i, p. 953, the following story is told:

A commercial traveller from the colonies was going northward from Edinburgh. A "very plain English gentleman" entered the same carriage, took out a briar pipe, began to smoke, and opened a conversation on current topics. At Perth there entered the carriage another gentleman as simply dressed as the first, and as unassuming in his manners. Presently the train arrived at a station where this second gentleman got out. A splendid carriage and a number of lackeys were waiting for him. The commercial traveller, in surprise, asked his remaining fellow-passenger if he knew who it was. "Oh, yes," was the reply; "that is His Grace the Duke of Atholl." "Indeed," commented the colonial, "he was very condescending to talk in such a friendly and genial manner to two cads like us." His companion cordially assented.

By and by the train reached a station, where the first gentleman alighted. He, too, was awaited by a fine carriage and an equally imposing retinue of gorgeous servants. The commercial traveller, fairly astounded by this second marvel, eagerly inquired of the guard who it was that had just left the compartment. "Oh, that is His Grace, the Duke of Sutherland." By this time he was seriously alarmed as to the possibilities of the disguises assumed by the British aristocracy, and fearing lest he should make a similar mistake again, anxiously asked of the guard, "And pray, sir, who are you?"

## Saving Their Feelings

MR. PUNCH is so powerfully impressed by the action of the Lord Chamberlain in suppressing all performances of the "Mikado" (and thereby throwing into confusion a large number of provincial theatrical engagements), that he is moved to follow suit. He therefore forbids his readers, all and several, and the British public at large, to continue the laceration of national and foreign susceptibilities by the employment in speech, writing, singing, gramophoning or marconigram, of any expressions appearing in the subjoined list:

"To take French leave."  
"Made in Germany."  
"Castles in Spain."  
"He is full of Dutch courage."  
"Scratch a Russian, and you'll find a Tartar."  
"He is a regular Turk."  
"Spoiling the Egyptians."  
"Can the Ethiopian change his skin?"  
"Lo, the poor Indian!"  
"For ways that are dark, the heathen Chinese is peculiar."  
"Go to Jericho!"  
"They don't know everything down in Judee."  
"Caledonia, stern and wild."  
"How very Hibernian!"  
"Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief!"  
"To behave like a boor."

John Bull has so many ententes on hand just now that Mr. Punch is living in momentary terror lest any of them should be imperiled by some chance and indiscreet allusion dropped at a Little Piddington Penny Reading. What if the Republic of Hayti, say, should get wind of the same?—Punch.

## A New Lincoln Anecdote.

THE day after the great fire following the fall of Richmond, Lincoln, with a small body-guard, walked through the streets of the charred city, says The World To-day. As he approached the corner occupied by General Pickett's residence, he directed the guard to wait, and to their astonishment ran two steps at a time up to the door and rapped. The servants had fled. The "Baby-Bride" had never seen President Lincoln, but she had read his letters to her husband and from him had learned to hold in the highest esteem the great northern president. With her baby in her arms she opened the door and looked up at the tall, gaunt man with the sad face and uncouth ways.

Without a word of explanation he asked:  
"Is George Pickett about?"  
To hear her husband's name bereft of its title by a Yankee, at that moment, was almost the limit, especially as many a rumor had floated about Richmond concerning the fate which awaited the leaders of the Confederacy. With all the proud dignity she could command the "Baby-Bride" replied:  
"General Pickett is not at home."  
The stranger seemed disappointed, and, as he turned to go, remarked:  
"I am Abraham Lincoln, an old friend of George's."  
"Not President Lincoln!" Mrs. Pickett exclaimed. The tall man shook his head, repeating:  
"No, just Abraham Lincoln, George Pickett's old friend."

Following the instant promptings of the heart which still governs her, the "Baby-Bride" thrust her baby into the arms of the gaunt Yankee, as her best effort to express her veneration and confidence, saying:  
"I am George Pickett's wife and this is George Pickett's baby."

## British Naval Supremacy.

THE New York Post, speaking of British naval supremacy, says: The British Admiralty is not satisfied with its recent extraordinary development of the torpedo boat-destroyer. In 1893 its largest boat of this type was the Havoc, of 240 tons, 3,500-horsepower, and 26 1-2 knots. Five of the boats authorized in 1905-6 are now taking the water, the Gurka and Afridi having recently been launched. These boats are of 790 tons, 14,500-horsepower, and have a speed of 33 knots, three more than any of the destroyers owned by Germany, France or the United States, and are 200 tons larger than the largest foreign boat. Not content with this leadership, the Admiralty has laid down at Birkenhead the Swift, a destroyer of 1,830 tons, 30,000-horsepower, with the phenomenal speed of no less than 36 knots an hour. The Swift is to be an ocean-cruising boat, with a great radius of action; and having the pace to overhaul any torpedo boat or destroyer, cruiser or battleship, will truly become "the eyes and ears of the fleet." Both the Gurka and the Swift have high freeboards and are comfortable and livable vessels, instead of racing machines, which utterly exhaust their crews in a few days. It is now apparent



"Loves me, loves me not."—Harper's Weekly.

that in the eyes of the Admiralty the torpedo cruiser and torpedo gunboat are failures, the former because its scouting powers were sacrificed to its armament and the latter because it was neither a scout nor a destroyer. Only three 12-pounders will be carried by the Gurka, and four 25-pounders by the Swift. A clearer example of the way the British Admiralty leads the whole world in naval construction and development it would be hard to find. Every other country is an imitator, and at that from three to five years behind.

## Four Canadians in Chicago.

THE death is announced in Chicago of William Johnston, job printer, a native of London, Ont., and a leading business man of the western metropolis. The deceased, says the Galt Reporter, was the real founder of that great technical journal, The Inland Printer, the handiwork of the day. Though immersed in business, and in close association with strong Americans, Mr. Johnston never forgot his native land. He was mainly responsible, as a member of St. Bernard's Commandery, for the introduction of the Thirtieth Battalion band to great audiences in the United States. On two occasions the famous Hamilton organization, through Mr. Johnston's good offices, made an American tour, once taking in Washington, where the Canadians were enthusiastically received.

Death has lately been very busy in Chicago in the ranks of Canadians connected with the printing and publishing trade. First to go was R. R. Donnelley, an ex-Hamiltonian, the head of a great institution that issued among other things the City Directory.

Then followed John Allan (the lieutenant of a Canadian company that left Chicago at the time of the Fenian raid), animated in their action by love for their native land, an employer of hundreds of expert artisans.

Next in line, John Jamieson, managing director of The Western British American, an old Brantford boy.

The only one remaining is John E. Jeffrey (a Hamilton graduate), for many years the president and manager of the largest show printing house in the world, now ensconced in a government office.

Mr. Johnston's death closes out the group, and with our growing Canada, and immense opportunities at home, it is not likely to have a successor in our day. Donnelley, Allan, Johnston and Jeffrey left their mark on the trade in Chicago. They were, in their day and generation, the Big Four on Printing-House Row.

It is interesting to note that the governor of the Bank of England is never a banker. There is no reason why he should not be, and several why he should, says P.T.O. In the early days of the Bank of England the idea prevailed that it would be against the interests of the bank to appoint as governor any person interested in competitive banking concerns. The Bank of England has, of course, long since attained a position which renders it practically immune from competition, but it rigorously adheres still to ancient custom, with the rather curious result that the head of the most important banking concern in the world is never a man who has been trained in banking business, and he, of necessity, understands less about the business than many bank managers. The governor is, however, only elected for a period of three years, and whilst officially he is responsible for the direction of the policy which to a great extent must be followed by all other banks, the real ruling powers are the permanent officials of the bank. Mr. William Middleton Campbell, the newly-elected governor, was formerly deputy governor.

Ray Stannard Baker quotes a very significant story from a white woman of the south in his American Magazine article on the growth of antagonism between whites and blacks in the United States. "I had a terrible experience one evening a few days ago," she told him. "I was walking along a street when I saw a rather good-looking young negro come out of a hallway to the sidewalk. He was in a great hurry, and, in turning suddenly, as a person sometimes will do, he accidentally brushed my shoulder with his arm. He had not seen me before. When he turned and found it was a white woman he had touched, such a look of abject terror and fear came into his face as I hope never again to see on a human countenance. He knew what it meant if I was frightened, called for help, and accused him of insulting or attacking me. He stood still for a moment, then turned and ran down the street. It shows, doesn't it, how little it might take to bring punishment upon an innocent man!"

During his three days' visit to Glasgow, the Prince of Wales laid three memorial stones, opened new buildings at the University, and received, along with the Princess, the freedom of the city, an LL.D. degree, and three caskets to say nothing of trowels, gold keys, and the seven bouquets specified in the official programme. We understand, however, that there is no truth in the rumor that at breakfast, on the morning of his departure, the Prince remarked, from sheer force of habit, as he tapped the shell of an egg, "I declare this egg to be well and truly laid. Please pass the pepper casket."—Punch.

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Royal Military College of Canada, 1906.

### Social and Personal.

THE marriage of Miss Margaret Guinevere Kerr, daughter of Mrs. B. Hume Kerr, of 20 Grosvenor street, and Mr. Frank Herbert Stark, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Stark of Rosedale, was solemnized in St. George's church on Wednesday at half-past two, Rev. Canon Cayley officiating. The bride was brought in and given away by her brother, Mr. E. W. J. Kerr of New York, who, with his handsome young wife, came on for the happy event. Miss Kerr's wedding gown was of rich lace over chiffon and silk, and was very beautifully worn by the petite bride, with a veil of silk Brussels net and standing tiara of orange blossoms on her pretty dark hair. A rope of pearls and a heart-shaped pearl clasp, the gift of the groom, a sheaf of Bride roses with showers of lily of the valley and ferns, completed the toilette of the bride. Miss Bertha Kerr, her sister, was maid of honor, in a dainty primrose shaded frock of mousseline de soie and lace, with touches of pink. Her hat was a bride-trimmed black with cream lace crown, encircled by a garland of full-blown French roses of delicate pink. She carried Sunset roses. Miss Edith Stark, sister of the groom, and Miss Lottie Taggart were bridesmaids, in delicately tinted mousseline frocks of pink and mauve, large hats with flowers and sheaves of pink roses. Mr. Walter B. Evans was best man. The ushers were Dr. Cecil Burson of St. Catharines, Mr. J. H. Donald and Mr. C. E. Tapscott of Brantford. Miss Perry presided at the organ, and during the signing of the register Master Clarence Quarington sang beautifully. This chorister's sweet voice was unusually clear and full on Wednesday, and at the reception he was the recipient of many attentions from the ladies, which didn't seem to confuse him at all. The guests' pews were marked by nosegays of white lilac and the usual ribbons, and the altar was decorated with white lilacs, while palms were artistically arranged in the chancel. After the ceremony Mrs. Kerr held a reception at her home, looking very well in a soft lilac gown with tiny sprays of flowers and some fine lace, a very becoming lilac hat with flowers and plumes. The arch between the reception and dining-rooms was completely embowered with huge branches of lilac in full flower, the grate was filled with lilacs, the mantel banked with other flowers, and the refreshment table done with roses and pink sweet peas. The house was drenched with the delightful perfumes of spring and the company was very merry with good wishes and cordiality. Among the guests were Canon and Miss Cayley, Mr. and Mrs. John Stark, Mr. and Mrs. Davies, Mr. and Mrs. Secord, a very handsome pair, Mr. and Mrs. Doroker, Mr. and Mrs. Freeland and many others. Mr. and Mrs. Stark left for their honeymoon in a highly decorated carriage, the bride gowned in royal blue voile, amid showers of confetti blown from giant fire-crackers, or thrown from receptacles concealed in flowers, the very *dernier cri* in this sort of thing. A room full of handsome presents without the cards of the donors was arranged upstairs, some of which, a silver tea service from Mr. Stark's *confreres*, a piano from his father and mother, cabinets of silver dessert and fish cutlery, some fine cut crystal and plenty of silver, china and brass were both valuable and artistic. Mr. and Mrs. Stark will take up house in College street on their return from Muskoka. The bride has particularly endeared herself to many friends by her sterling goodness and clever artistic and sweet personality, and the best of good wishes are with her and her husband for happiness and prosperity.

A mammoth garden party, to which the world and his wife turned out in their best bib and tucker, was the opportunity kindly given by the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark to Toronto society to enjoy a glimpse of His Imperial Highness, Prince Fushimi on Wednesday afternoon. The softly rolling terraces and green lawns of Government House grounds were so fresh and beautiful, thanks to the cool weather, that they made a perfect setting for the brilliant avalanche of style and beauty which poured along the reception terrace and down the broad steps to the lower lawn shortly after half-past four. His Honor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark received with Major Macdonald and Mr. Douglas Young in attendance, while further along the terrace Miss Mortimer Clark and Miss Elise, with Mr. Jamieson of Stanley Barracks as special aide, welcomed and guided the loitering ones to the spreading marquees, where a charming tea was served. It would be quite impossible to enumerate the guests, but a very few were Dr. and Mrs. Hodgins, the patriarch of nearly fourscore and six, very much interested in seeing the royal Jap, and greeting all his own old friends with cordial handshakes, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Riddell, Mrs. Smith of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. James, Mrs. Somerville of Atherley and her handsome son Jack, Mr. Justice and Mrs. MacMahon, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Pepler, Dr.

and Mrs. Pepler, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard MacMurray, Mrs. and Miss Hemming, Dr. and Mrs. Garratt, Major and Mrs. Leigh, Professor and Mrs. Davidson, Professor Squair, Professor and Mrs. Galbraith, Mrs. and Miss Loudon, Rev. Charles and Mrs. Inglis, Mrs. Lee and Mrs. Selwyn, Mrs. and Miss Wallbridge, Mr. and Mrs. Francis and Miss Powell of Ottawa, Dr. and Mrs. Bruce Riordan, Mrs. and Miss Strathy and their guest, Miss Strathy of Montreal, the Misses Kerr, Mrs. Haas, Mrs. Alan Sullivan, Miss McLean Howard, Dr. and Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. John Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Wright, Mr. John Wright, Mrs. Young and her hostess, Mrs. Willie Gwynn, Mrs. Vincent Greene, Mrs. Hal Osler, Mrs. W. McCullough, Mrs. T. M. Harris, Misses Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Wilson, Hon. Senator Cox, Mrs. Harry Gamble, Mr. and Mrs. Wilmott Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. Wyld, Colonel and Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Dr. Spragge, Miss McCutcheon, Mrs. Colin Campbell of Carbrook, Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly, Dr. Braefney O'Reilly, the Misses Merritt, the Misses Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. M. Alley, Mrs. Robertson of Culloden, the Misses E. and C. Prothero Thompson-Chevalier and Miss Allie Thompson, Madame Rochereau de la Sabliere, Miss Perry, Mr. Kirkpatrick of Coolmine, Mrs. Gerard Strathy, Colonel Milligan and hosts of others. The Grenadiers band played during the afternoon, and the Japanese flag floated on high. Prince Fushimi and his suite, with Mr. Joseph Pope and Captain Newton, wearing the tiny Order of the Rising Sun in the lapel of the coat, came in from a civic drive about five o'clock, and delivered themselves to the tender mercies of the crowd. A few brave spirits tackled his I. H. with more or less recognizable French, which he received in great gravity. To the state dinner in the evening the following guests were honored with invitations: General His Imperial Highness Prince Fushimi, G.C.B., the Chief Justice of Ontario, the Premier of Ontario, Mr. M. S. Nagasaki, K.C.V.O., Councillor of the Court of His Imperial Majesty, Sir J. H. Symon, K.C.M.G., late Attorney-General Australian Commonwealth, Hon. the Chief Justice of the King's Bench, Mr. Saburo Baba, K.C.V.O., Grand Master of the Household of Prince Fushimi, the Hon. the Chancellor of Ontario, Major Ootohiko Higashi, M.V.O., Artillery A.D.C. to Prince Fushimi, the Hon. the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, Commander Tideuchi, Imperial Japanese Navy, the Hon. the Chief Justice of the Exchequer, Hon. R. F. Sutherland, Speaker of the House of Commons, Dr. Teizo Iwai, M.V.O., Physician to Prince Fushimi, Hon. Mr. Justice Hodgins, Maritime Court, Hon. Senator Jaffray, Brigadier General Otter, C.B., Mr. M. W. Lampson, representing the Foreign Office, His Honor Judge Winchester, County Court, Mr. C. M. Hays, V.P., Grand Trunk Railway, Captain Denzil, O. C. Newton, representing Governor-General, Mr. Joseph Pope, C.M.G., I.S.O., representing Dominion Government, Sir Aemilius Irving, Treasurer Law Society, Hon. Provincial Treasurer, Hon. Minister of Education, Hon. Provincial Secretary, Hon. Minister of Public Works, Hon. Minister of Crown Lands and Mines, Hon. Minister of Agriculture, Hon. Dr. Willoughby, Hon. Colonel Hendrie, Hon. G. P. Graham, Leader of Opposition, Lieutenant-Colonel S. A. Denison, Lieutenant-Colonel Galloway, Lieutenant-Colonel Nattress, Lieutenant-Colonel Williams, Major Burstall, Captain J. G. Burnham, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir H. M. Pellatt, Lieutenant-Colonel Stimson, Lieutenant-Colonel D. M. Robertson, Brigadier-Colonel J. I. Davidson, Brigadier-Colonel James Mason, Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Merritt, Major V. Chadwick, Major W. R. Lang, Sheriff Mowat, Mr. J. A. Macdonald, editor Globe, Mr. A. F. Wallis, editor Mail and Empire, Mr. W. H. Greenwood, editor World, Mr. J. S. Willison, editor News, Lieutenant-Colonel G. T. Denison, Police Magistrate, Mr. T. Nosse, Consul-General Japan, Ottawa, Lieutenant-Colonel Grasett, Chief Constable, His Worship the Mayor, Dr. G. A. Bingham, President Ontario Medical Association, Mr. W. K. McNaught, Hon. President Canadian National Association, Mr. J. W. Langmuir, Chairman Niagara Park Commission, Dr. Falconer, President Toronto University, Mr. D. R. Wilkie, President Imperial Bank, Mr. B. E. Walker, President Bank of Commerce, Mr. D. Coulson, General Manager Bank of Toronto, Mr. H. S. Strathy, Manager Traders Bank, Mr. W. D. Ross, Manager Metropolitan Bank, Mr. R. C. Steele, President Board of Trade, Mr. C. D. Massey, Mr. W. R. Brock, Mr. W. Beardmore, Mr. W. Davidson, Major J. Fraser Macdonald, Captain Douglas Young, Lieutenant Jamieson. The table was decorated with ferns and red and white roses and stocks, the national colors of Japan.

Mr. Sherwood Hodgins, R.N., left early in the week to join H.M.S. Hampshire at Quebec, and will sail on the 24th for England.

Mr. John Law was a welcome guest at the Argonaut at home on Saturday, and is looking very much better.

One of last week's many weddings, which was celebrated very quietly, was that of Dr. D. King Smith, son of Dr. Andrew Smith of Jarvis street, and Miss Florence Adeline Myles, daughter of Major R. Myles, Queen's Park. The ceremony took place in St. James' Cathedral, and Rev. Canon Welch officiated. Major Myles brought in the bride and gave her away, and Dr. Goldie was best man. There were no bridesmaids, and the guests, who afterwards attended a reception at Major Myles' residence, were relatives of the bride and groom and a very few intimate friends. Dr. and Mrs. Smith went to the States for their honeymoon, and will take up house at 22 Wellesley street, in one of the new houses built by Mr. Eden Smith, the other being occupied by Dr. Fotheringham. Miss Myles was married in her travelling dress of deep blue, with hat to match. Many handsome gifts were sent to the bride, who is one of Toronto's nicest and most esteemed girls, and will be warmly welcomed as young hostess next season.

On last Friday Mrs. Melfort Boulton entertained at tea in honor of Mrs. and the Misses Van Straubenzee, who came up for the Case-Van Straubenzee wedding last week.

Monsieur Mercier had the misfortune to suffer a severe accident while driving in Quebec some little time ago, by being thrown from his carriage. The famous tenor was in Toronto last week, quietly visiting friends in the suburbs, and has returned to Quebec for the removal from the mortuary to the cemetery of the remains of his mother, who died last winter. I heard that there is some talk of a Canadian tour being arranged for M. Mercier before he returns to France.

Miss Rowand and Miss Dora Rowand are sailing for England next week. Miss Rowand has rented her house in Crescent road for the summer.

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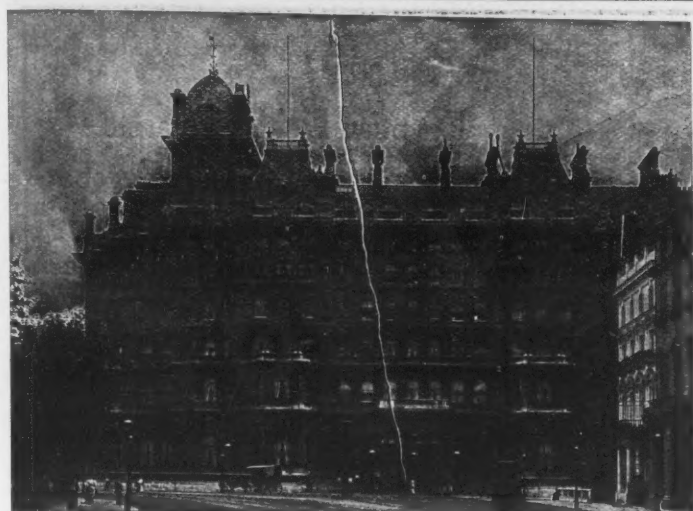
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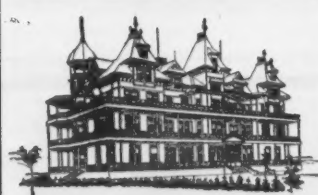
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### Fishing and Shooting Compared

THE comparative delights of hunting and fishing are discussed in Recreation by one who is evidently a confirmed fisherman and whose prejudices in favor of that sport are brought out in the article. He notes that the enthusiastic angler seldom shoots, and the hunter of big game has little use for the rod and reel, and that seldom any sportsman is found who will both fish and shoot during the same season. The line which is thus drawn between the two sports he attempts to explain. He finds in the reluctance of the fisherman to take the life of warm-blooded animals no deterrent to the slaughter of cold-blooded fish. He remarks that "it has often been even argued that fish suffer no pain in being caught and killed." We read in part:

The smell of powder, the flash and smoke, and the sense of carrying an engine of destruction that protects from even the charge of a bear or moose, hypnotize the shooter and make him joy in demonstrating his dominion over even the birds of the air. The angler is generally a more ardent lover of his wild environment, and in closer communion with it. While he probably kills fish with little or no pity for them as they struggle and give up their lives, he may say there is something about warm blood of wild life that makes him shrink from shedding it; that the limp and crimsoned neck of the duck, quail, grouse or wild turkey, and the paths in their now useless wings, are a reproach and regret to him. What right had he to take this life that is the final link, the last touch, of the divine in nature? He is repulsed as he sees ducks, not only shot while resting on the water and not in flight, but even killed when they are asleep! Thirty years ago the writer saw a mother partridge murdered in spite of protest, while brooding her chicks in the nest; and he still has a feeling of reproach and dislike for the "hunter." I have heard even a Scot who had turned Australian farmer say that he hesitated to fire when he "sat in the mummich, an' it was like the snow driftin' down a Highland glen to see the white fuds o' t' rabbits." He would not shoot a mallee bird among the iridescent myall and quondong trees; and while he hated the wild dingo dogs that killed his sheep; he was keenly aware of the appeal in the wild dog's first note at sundown from the mysterious "bush"—low, flute-like, mournful. The wild, distant look in the eyes of all dying game, the reproach of an ebbing life to which the animal has as good a right as anything living, is unbearable to many who "have no mercy on a fish."

The moment most full of tenderest pathos in all the writer's forty years of acquaintance with sport by flood and fell was upon the Witch Crown of the Canadian Rockies, when a grizzled, rough hunter overtook and captured and released a lamb while the maternal instinct made its "big-horn" mother stop and plead with pitiful bleats; and that slayer of a dozen grizzlies held the wee animal in his arms and talked to it, saying, "You know the old man wouldn't hurt you, don't you?" and then watched the pair go across a ravine below the forefoot or snout of a glacier and masked his feelings by shouting after the fleeting pair, "See the little cuss try to keep up with his mother!"

Yet it is ordained that one species shall prey on another: a mountain lion may have slain that lamb and mother later. A duck is seized and drawn under water by an otter; eagle bear away the child of a mountain goat; a fox springs on a rabbit or a grouse, and coyotes run down the antelope. You go out along some stream when the sun shines best and birds sing, and a hawk swoops and takes a robin from her nest and leaves the fledglings to wail, starve, and die. The same Scot, when asked if the apostles ever went out shooting, replied: "I ken they had no game in Palestine; they went fishing instead."

Yet the hunting is not mere passion for killing. It tests courage, hardihood, endeavor, manhood that was given dominion over every moving thing that lives on the earth. Pursuit of big game is easiest and most noiseless along rivers and lakes where the captured animals may be transported to the camp, trail, highway, or railroad station by water. No excitement and labor exhaust more quickly than when, after stalking and shooting big game, the hunter must carry it through a jungle. He may be miles distant from his guide, and already worn and tired to the point of collapse, and must choose between heart-breaking physical exertion and leaving his prize for hours. Once a doe was shot three miles from the water and five miles from the canoe.

The guide was stalking a moose, and of course, miles absent when worst wanted. It was a hunting incident of early November north of Grand Lake in Eastern Maine.

Take for instance the triumph of an angler near Haines' Landing in the same State. He has captured an eight-pound, spare-tailed trout; his canoe is beached just beyond a clump of alders upon his left; no strenuous putting forth of all his strength and endurance is required of him. He joys in the capture, loves the shingle of that beach, whose stones were often washed for a week by the waves. The fish seem a far more legitimate prey than the doe of the shooter. The child shown in another instance is reveling over his capture of an over-grown, large-mouthed bass or "trout" at Weir's Lake in Florida: the same child was heart-broken at sight of the blood on the head and wings of a turtle-dove, which is a game bird in that State.

The majority of old sportsmen would applaud his grief. They love the splash of waves on beaches, the curving flow, music, and winding light of water, the rainbows above cascades the accompaniment of soothing wind through the jungle, and nodding of bulrushes along the line of blue depths where the hooked fish leap and fight, far better than killing of wild life fed by warm blood, and thus robbing the forest of its greatest charm.

### What is Travel?

THE curious few who linger over dictionaries have been amused at finding travel one with travail, so far has the sting of the word been drawn by time, says a writer in The Atlantic Monthly. While the one road of men into the world has remained labor, the many roads over the world have been paved with ease. In arm-chairs and beds, by land and sea, we were there and we are here. There is no pain of passage. The old traveller settled his estate and asked for prayers in church; the new traveller takes his affairs abroad and traffics as he goes. When there is no interruption, when upon a thought I am elsewhere, remaining myself the same, what is left of travel?

And while we have made travel easy, we have made it a superfluity. Will not the telephone serve my business? Then let me step into my closet to talk a thousand miles. As for the old "grand tour," most men can see Venice as well by limelight as by moonlight. Cathedrals lie on parlor tables; and Praxiteles is brought to a boarding house. Shall the ring of tourists gaping about a guide in the Louvre see more in her of Melos than the student with his penny print? For the elect few there may be with a picture its proper music of race, its language, its literature. One of the widest travellers of my acquaintance had seen France better, ay, and heard it, in his own house, than ever he could when at last he walked the soil. We that so well may travel may often as well stay at home.

For distance is but relative. The next county was as distant to our forefathers as now our antipodes. And there is more in this. At the age of four I thought the next village as far away as now I find Alaska. Was that earlier journey any the less travel? Surely I saw as many marvels; I was opened as much to the unknown. Nor has travel ever been measured by distance. "I have travelled," said Thoreau, "a good deal in Concord." He also was a traveler who wrote that "Journey About My Room." We shall have travel so long as we have travelers.

And so long shall we have travelers' tales. The whole world is ventilated by the Associated Press. The daily report from Abyssinia is enhanced by Sunday's photographs. But wherever Mandeville goes, or Marco Polo, whether to Persia or the pole, on elephant or automobile or on his two feet, there will be travelers' tales because there is a traveler.

Travel has never meant, nor can it mean now, anything less than escape from the commonplace. Routine of shop or of sleeping-car, that alone is travel which ventures beyond this into parts unknown. And as breach of custom will always demand an effort of individuality, so travel must still have travail. Without courage to try the unknown, without weariness of the unpaved road, I could never have had the traveler's joy of discovering what this new world hid for me. Listen. It is only ten miles from Quebec, but I discovered it. It is in a country store kept by a habitant; but of country stores you may after all know as little as of habitants. I who discovered it tell you that, crossing the road from the pink parsonage at twilight, I mounted four steps into a dark room. When I asked for supper and bed—But this is not a traveler's tale; it is an essay on travel. And its moral is that travel must still be had on the old terms.

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# SPORTING COMMENT

**A**MONG the criticisms that have been made from time to time against Canadians as a nation, the one that stands the test of investigation best is that we have, until lately, shown but scant appreciation of our own out-of-doors. We have been told that the average Canuck who is moderately well-fixed knows more about the glories of the Alps than he does about the mountains in his own national back-yard, and that he couldn't tell the difference between a tamarac and a spruce on a bet. His wife will expound at length on the highlands and the beauties of Capri, and is dumb when asked how many days it is from Winnipeg to Kootenay.

These pointers on some of our national shortcomings were correct in the main, but the last few years have seen a great change in this respect. The man who has time and means at his command and has not a fair first-hand knowledge of his country is regarded as a curiosity, and people wonder darkly what he has been up to in his spare time.

The "Alpine Club of Canada" is a notable milestone in our progress toward a decent appreciation of the marvels Nature has scattered broadcast within our borders. Up to the time of its organization in 1906, the most difficult peaks of the Canadian Rockies remained unconquered with a few exceptions, and these exceptions were all set down to the credit of American, English and Continental climbers. With the assistance of Swiss experts, these outsiders were able to come here and show us the way up our own mountains, and what is more, write books about it, and

that is rubbing it in to a certain extent. One and all they appeared to be provided with dinky little flags of their respective countries, and these were used with great effect when the summit was reached, and saluted with "Vive, la France!" or "Rah for Nestles Food!" according to temperament or nationality.

This is going to be changed from now on. With the initiative of the Alpine Club and the experience gained in its yearly meetings, we will be able to do our own mountain climbing, thank you, and any foreign expert who has any conquering to do had better step lively, as the number of virgin peaks is dwindling.

The aims of the club are manifold. They include, among other objects, the promotion of the exploration of Canadian mountains and glaciers, and the scientific study connected therewith; the education of Canadians to an appreciation of the natural marvels of their own mountains; the encouragement of mountain craft, and the opening up of new fields for the lover of out-of-doors.

The club is in no way exclusive, and provides at its annual meets for a school of mountaineering, where the tyros may be initiated into the essentials of the craft. All the professions and the man of commerce are represented on its roster, and with a membership of nearly 200 there should be a long and useful life ahead of it.

**T**HE lacrosse season opened with a bang last Saturday, when the teams from Cornwall and westward rubbed it in to their opponents from the East in cruel fashion. Torontos had a pretty strenuous session with the Nationals, as the Frenchmen are as shifty as quicksilver, but the Tecumsehs simply mowed down Montreal like a field of oats, and in the Cornwall-Capital affair, the world's champions left the field bearing a large and ornate goose-egg as their share of the plunder.

Though it is rather early in the season to judge, it appears that even if the western teams are small potatoes and few in a hill (as we used to be told), still they might be worse, and so far as we are aware, there is nobody east of Kingston with this year's championship locked away.

There is no doubt that if the penalties for rough play are fairly and sensibly enforced, the attendance at this year's games is going to tax the accommodation. Men who have not witnessed a game in years are returning to their old love, and to retain these enthusiasts there is one recipe—good clean lacrosse and plenty of it.

**A** DESPATCH from London announces that the King, as patron of the Royal Life Saving Society, sanctions the enrollment of A. L. Cochrane, of Toronto, as honorable associate of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. Mr. Cochrane, who is physical director at Upper Canada College, has been a member of the Royal Life Saving Society for fourteen years, and established a Toronto branch eleven years ago. Its objects are educative, the aim being to teach swimming and to encourage schools for the purpose, and public baths. The Canadian society grants certificates of proficiency to those skilled in the arts of swimming and life saving.

**C**AN a wolf kill a caribou or a horse by biting it behind the fore-leg and piercing its heart? Rev. W. J. Long who tells us so many astonishing things about wild animals says that a wolf can do the trick. President Roosevelt angrily denounces the statement as a bit of humbug from the tissue paper forests ranged by some of our nature writers. Long replies by producing an affidavit from an Indian who claims that he saw a wolf bite into a horse's heart, and Long says he saw a caribou that had been so treated by a wolf. The thing seems incredible. Some of our readers in the north country may be able from observations of their own to throw some light on this dispute.

**E**DITOR LOGAN of the Warton Echo was one of the party that went trout fishing to Algonquin Park and he writes that when he goes again it will not be to "headquarters," where the accommodation is delightful but the fishing bad, owing to the fact that the waters for miles around are fished dry. The party went on to Kearney and at a point twelve miles from there, enjoyed splendid sport, but I read with pain that a "butcher came in with one hundred trout as his day's catch." It was illegal for one man to catch any such number in a day. Editor Logan tells particularly of catching one beauty: "The boat would be called a punt, but it was narrow, only intended for

one, and we both had to take the same position as in a Peterborough canoe. It is not easy to cast the fly under these conditions, but I managed it. One time a splendid trout took hold, which weighed nearly three pounds, and he put up a big fight for his life. The tip of the rod soon touched the water. I was afraid to give him too much line for I knew what would soon happen if he got his nose out of the water. I dare not stand up for fear the punt would capsize and every time I got him near the boat the guide could not see him for the sun was in his eyes and there was a strong ripple on the water. I would rather have lost a night's sleep, aye a week's, than that trout, and at last when the guide had him safely in the landing net, I breathed a sigh of relief. We were only out a few hours, and when we all met that night at the farm house we were well satisfied with the day's sport, our only regret being that we had not struck that spot sooner. I may say that in flies I used the Parmachene Belle and the March Brown, and I found the honors pretty evenly divided between them."

**A** CORRESPONDENT to Canada says: "There are complaints from quite a number of the leading Scottish football clubs that their teams are being disorganized by the departure for Canada of many of their best players. This is a very curious grievance, but it was exactly what might have been expected. The professional football player is usually a young man of enterprise and energy, as well as of splendid physique—just the type of man to succeed in a new country. A humorist suggests an export tax on goalkeepers, backs, and forwards. As a joke this is passable, as a remedy it is impossible. Canada, as usual, gains by the transaction. Already Scotland is depleted of many of her best players by the high salaries paid by English clubs. If Canada, too, begins to take our good players as they grow up, we may as well give up the attempt to hold our own in what is undoubtedly our national game. Even now we cannot compete with England without drawing on Scottish players who are employed by English clubs. Will the time come when we shall have to send over to Canada for men to help us to beat England in the International?"

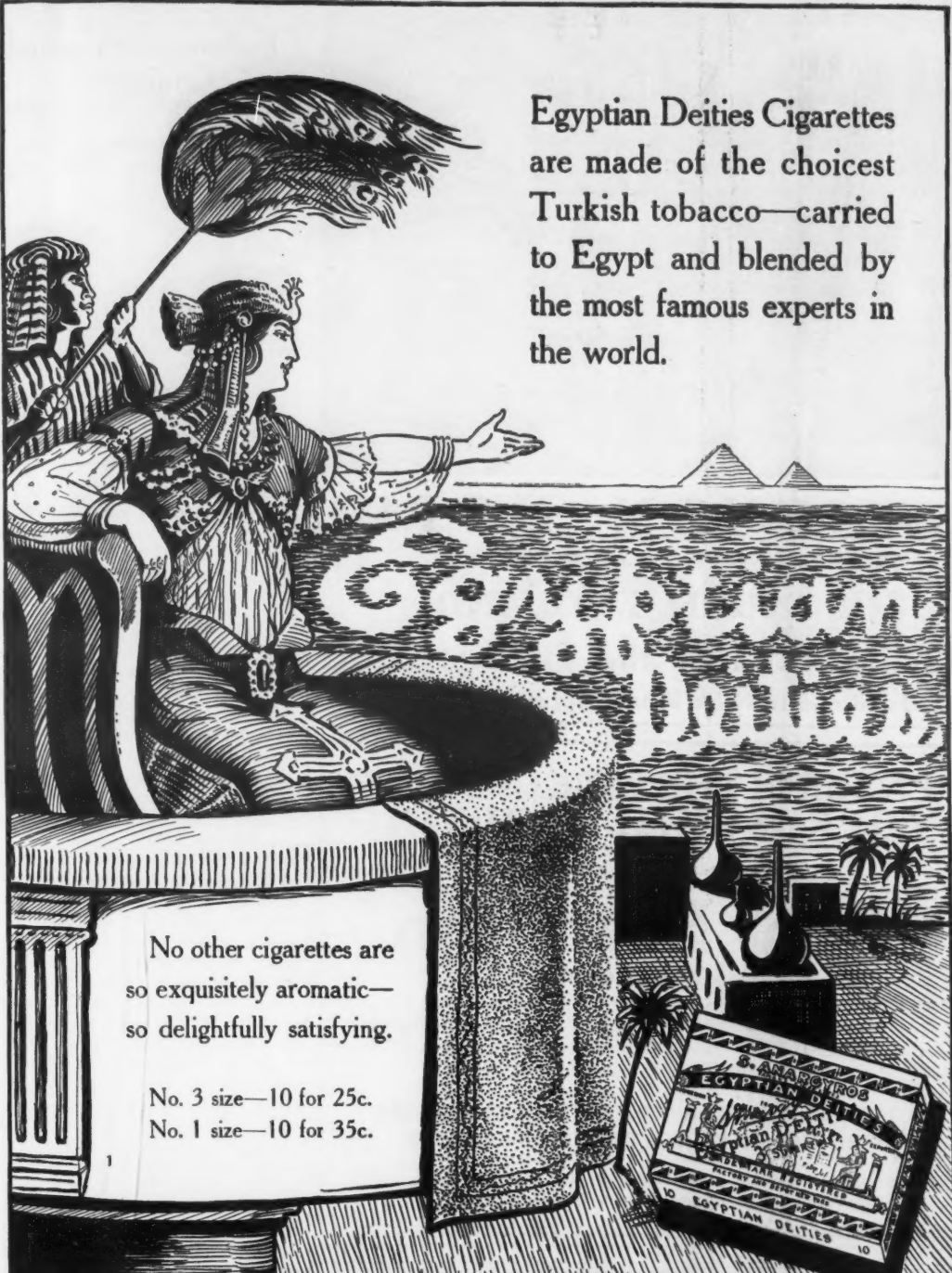
**A** CIRCULAR letter has been sent out by Mr. C. S. Norris, president of the Toronto Swimming Club, to the two hundred members of that organization informing them that it is necessary to raise the sum of six hundred dollars to insure the building of a new club house at the Island. The club has \$510 and needs \$600 more. If this money be subscribed it is calculated that the fine new club house can be pushed to completion in three weeks. The Toronto Swimming Club is the only important organization of its kind in Canada, has been in existence thirteen years and is affiliated with the Royal Life Saving Society of Great Britain. Those who know the excellent place it has been filling for years past would very much regret if it were unable to raise the necessary money to continue its work, and it is to be hoped that all the members will pitch in and help raise this money at once, and those who have not been members might very well come forward at this time and join the organization. Anyone interested may write Mr. E. Davies, 1045 Brunswick avenue, Toronto.

During the salmon fishing season an Englishman was the guest of a Highland laird, and one day he hooked a fine salmon. Being inexperienced as a fisherman, he became excited, and in the struggle with the fish fell into the river. The keeper, seeing that he was no swimmer, hooked him with the gaff and started to drag him to shore. "What are ye aboot, Donal!" cried the laird. "Get haud o' the rod and look tae the fush. Ma friend can hide a wee, but the fush winna!"—Independent.

## Q. C. A. C. EXCURSION TO BUFFALO.

The opening of the Kenilworth race meeting at Buffalo on Saturday will be marked by the running of the great 3-year-old event, at one and a quarter miles, the Buffalo Derby, in which several crack Canadian horses will compete.

Torontonians will go to Buffalo by the Queen City A. C.'s excursion, leaving Union Station at 9.30 a.m. by C.P.R., and returning from Buffalo by special train at 8.00 p.m. Tickets \$2 round trip, good to return for three days, are on sale at all C.P.R. ticket offices in Toronto.



Egyptian Deities Cigarettes are made of the choicest Turkish tobacco—carried to Egypt and blended by the most famous experts in the world.

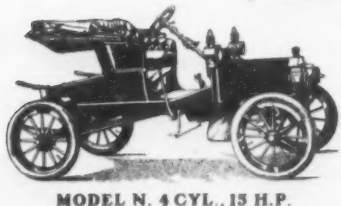
No other cigarettes are so exquisitely aromatic—so delightfully satisfying.

No. 3 size—10 for 25c.  
No. 1 size—10 for 35c.

# FORD

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**\$750**



**Ford Motor Co.,**  
of Canada, Ltd.  
WALKERVILLE, ONT.

TORONTO AGENT:  
**Dominion Automobile Co. Limited**  
145 BAY STREET.



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**CARLING—London**



## STYLES FOR MEN

Some men buy shoes only for wear, others for both dressy appearance, wear and fit.

Emmett Oxfords appeal to the man who takes pride in his shoes.

Blucher Cut, half military heel, medium narrow heel in both tan and dull calf leathers.

KEITH'S KONQUEROR — \$5.00.

**EMMETT SHOE STORE**  
119 Yonge Street



**Cailler's**  
GENUINE  
SWISS MILK  
CHOCOLATE

—a Food as well as  
a Delicacy.

Pure and rich —  
tastes like more.

Good for invalids.

Cakes and Croquettes,  
5c. to 75c.

Wm. H. DUNN, Montreal,  
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CHARTREUX**

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Liqueur.  
Distilled at Tarragona  
(Spain).

**AFTER  
YOUR  
MEALS**

take a glass of this de-  
licious liqueur, and you  
will be assured of perfect  
digestion.

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SUBSTITUTES**

See that you get the bot-  
tle of which we give fac-  
simile here.

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MADE IN  
CANADA

HEIGHT AT BACK 1 1/4 in.  
FRONT CUTAWAY 2 1/4 in.  
TOP MEETS AT FRONT  
SIZES 12 1/2 to 17.

# AT THE BEST SHOPS

This seasonable and popular  
model

**COBALT—15c. each  
Two for 25c.**

**MIKADO—20c each  
Three for 50c.**

MANUFACTURED BY  
**THE WILLIAM A. GREENE COY**  
WATERLOO, ONTARIO

## IS THIS THE JONAH?

A man who has travelled much, attended by disastrously  
bad weather, wonders if his arrival here has upset the  
Canadian Climate

SO persistent have been my evil  
experiences as to phenomenal  
atmospherical conditions fol-  
lowing my advent to any  
strange land, that I have  
taken myself seriously for once and  
propounded to my inner consciousness  
the query: "Am I the Jonah?" won-  
dering if by some curious series of  
evolutions the soul of Jonah has by  
the law of transmigration been im-  
planted in me.

Of course the adventures I am about  
to relate will readily be ascribed to a  
series of coincidences, having no  
occult relation with those not well  
endowed with the organs of wonder  
and ideality, with a dash of spiritu-  
ality, but luckily they are not "the  
only pebbles on the beach." There  
are others!—and as this little sketch  
is intended to interest all sorts and  
conditions of men, as the sun falls  
with equal impartiality on the just  
and unjust, I will at once start my  
experiences.

In April, 1893, like Jonah, I took  
ship, but neither bound for Tarshish  
nor for Nineveh, but for that other  
Assyrian city, the modern Babylon—  
velepted London.

After a residence of ten years in  
New York, my fortunes, like An-  
tonio's, had been in various ventures.  
I also "had an argosy bound to Tri-  
polis, another to the Indies and other  
ventures I had scattered abroad." The  
panic of 1893, however, was so dis-  
astrous that I determined to make an  
effort to escape from Nineveh and  
try my luck in Babylon. So, calling  
five of my disciples together, at a  
little friendly dinner given at the  
sign of *Ye Mermaid*, I explained to  
them that the mysteries of finance  
which I had so often propounded to  
them in the shape of turning their  
promissory notes and post-dated  
cheques into currency (naturally for  
a consideration), had ceased to have  
a practical application. Seeing that  
gilt-edged paper even could not be  
discounted, therefore, for the time,  
Othello's occupation was gone. I  
therefore thought it would be to our  
mutual interest that they should con-  
tribute the necessary transportation  
funds to visit my English relatives  
and friends, and then when after a  
few months' absence I returned, the  
stringency of the money market  
would have abated, and my en-  
ergies would be redoubled in their  
interest after my little outing had  
supplied me with health and funds.  
In a burst of generosity I limited  
their contributions to twenty-five  
dollars each, and agreed to melt their  
respective cheques dated a month  
ahead for double that sum—with  
"Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my  
tribe"—and hand to each of them  
their twenty-five dollars.

I sailed for England on the 25th  
April, had a perfect passage, and dis-  
canted with patriotic ardor upon the  
charms of my native city to three  
young Americans, the sharers of my  
state-room. On arrival at Southam-  
pton, we were detained by the custom  
house authorities for some hours in  
the midst of a pitiless rain, and my  
enthusiasm for my native land, like  
Rob Acre's courage, oozed out at my  
finer's ends.

We landed early in May which,  
as a rule, is the most lovely month in  
the English year—every garden be-  
ing redolent with the perfume of  
flowers and the hedges fragrant with  
the mingled odors of hawthorne or  
sweet-smelling Mav lilacs, jasmynes  
and other aromatic and flowering  
shrubs.

From the day of my arrival and  
for ninety days afterwards, there was  
continuous rain and bad weather, and  
in the whole of this time, according to  
the official record, there were only  
ten days upon which the sun shone.

The autumn was almost as bad as  
the summer, and I sailed for New  
York in November, and on arrival  
found that the money market had  
not recovered from the panic, and  
thought I would again try to "raise  
the wind," to waft my bark into  
less troubled waters and a milder  
climate, and, with the birds "return  
in the spring," early enough to  
catch the proverbial worm.

An old friend of mine, a senator,  
had written me in England, to try  
to sell his Florida orange grove,  
which he had owned for more than  
sixteen years, and that although  
there were more than four hundred  
fully grown trees on the ten acres,  
the grove had been a source of out-  
lay instead of income, owing to want  
of personal supervision. Naturally,  
when I approached my monie's  
friends in London, their first query  
was: "Have you seen it?" and on  
my replying in the negative, they de-

clined to buy a pig in a poke, but  
promised that they would consid-  
er the matter after I had visited the  
spot and given full details by letter.

This, to my fertile mind, appeared  
a peg upon which I could hang my  
hat, and at the same time the senator.  
So I interviewed him and offer-  
ed for one hundred dollars to go  
and stay in Florida until I had  
sold his grove to near residents or  
to my friends in New York or Lon-  
don. This being agreed upon, I  
joyously started, like a second Pon-  
ce de Leon, on a quest for the elixir  
of life, which, in these more practical  
days, may be transmuted into the  
almighty dollar, and in due course  
arrived at Jacksonville, intending to  
remain there a few days, look up the  
real estate people, learn the value of  
groves and, in return for their hospi-  
tality in the shape of carriage driv-  
ing, etc., improve their minds by  
poetry, prose and anecdote.

Here I was detained for a fort-  
night awaiting letters that, as I learn-  
ed later, had arrived and been deliv-  
ered to another person of my name.  
On finally getting my letters, I was  
about to proceed to the orange grove  
on which my hopes rested, when be-  
ing awakened one morning by the in-  
tense cold I learned that the deadliest  
frost known had ruined the trees dur-  
ing the night.

Proceeding to Bronson, I found the  
orange grove ruined, and even had it  
been spared, the fatal loss to the  
growers and the general devastation  
would have made it unmarketable  
for years.

Years pass by. Again I visit  
England in the autumn, of September  
four years ago. My advent is fol-  
lowed by the same continuous bad  
weather, lasting for months. Even  
then the idea never struck me that  
I personally had anything to do with  
this phenomenon, but this present  
Canadian experience has led me to look  
up the history of Jonah, and I find  
he was sent to warn the inhabitants  
of Nineveh of impending destruction,  
tho' this surely cannot apply to To-  
ronto, the most unco guid city I was  
ever in, barring the Glasgow of forty  
years ago, when I was warned in  
broad Scotch that "I mustn't whistle  
(wustle) on the Sabbath."

FRANK SHELLEY.

Toronto, June, '07.

## "High Life" In New York

Stories of Queer Happenings of Recent  
Occurrences Among People of Leisure.

A YOUNG heiress of New York  
who needs not be otherwise  
specified, and who happens to be a  
ward of the courts, appeals for pub-  
lic sympathy on account of the de-  
grading and demoralizing poverty to  
which she has been reduced by her  
hard-hearted legal guardians. This  
young lady is not yet of age, and  
therefore the bulk of her fortune is  
withheld until that festive period,  
says The Argonaut. In the mean-  
time she is allowed an income of  
\$13,500 per annum, and against this  
miserable and niggardly stipend her  
little soul rises up in rank rebellion.  
"Thirteen thousand five hundred dol-  
lars a year," she is represented as  
saying with a gasp of justifiable hor-  
ror. "It is an income for a child,  
no doubt, but for a society debutante  
it is absurdly insufficient. How can  
I entertain my friends on such a  
paltry sum?" It is hard to believe  
that such things can be done under  
the light of day and in a country  
that calls itself free.

The young heiress—and she is only  
nineteen—in support of her plea for  
a more liberal allowance, enumerates  
the various expenditures that she  
supposes to be essential to the station  
in life to which it has pleased an in-  
scrutable Providence to call her.  
The list is useful as an indication of  
the rapidity of the rising generation.

Afternoon receptions.  
Pink teas.  
Bachelor girls' dinner parties.  
Box parties at the opera.  
Town automobiles.  
Touring automobiles.  
Dances for debutantes and bache-  
lors.  
Forty new dresses a year.  
Thirty new hats.  
New costumes for every social  
event.

Bridge whist parties.  
Gloves, candy, jewelry.  
Perfumes, etc.  
So far from \$13,500 a year being  
sufficient for such a life as such a

programme indicates, it is very evi-  
dent that double the amount would  
still require economy in its outlay.  
But what would the debutantes of  
thirty years ago have said to such  
ideas as these. White muslin dresses  
and an occasional tea party were all  
they ever dreamed of, but those were  
the days when young ladies still in  
their teens were supposed to be seen  
rather than heard and when diffidence  
and modesty were the chief charms  
of maidenhood. *Mais nous avons  
change tout cela.*

The opening of the great Century  
Club in New York has naturally  
stimulated curiosity as to what actu-  
ally goes on in a woman's club when  
the doors are closed and the curtains  
drawn, and when mere men are out  
of sight and sound and mind. It is  
an unholy curiosity, but it is justified  
if its results show that these meet-  
ings are by no means the monoton-  
ous affairs that the unimaginative  
might suppose. Of course, there is  
nothing monotonous about bridge  
playing, nor is there likely to be so  
long as it is a rule of the game that  
someone has to lose, but it seems  
that there are other and unforeseen  
incidents that sometimes impart a  
liveliness to an atmosphere that  
should be wholly decorous. Here,  
for instance, is an eastern investiga-  
tor who tells some strange stories of  
occurrences in women's clubs, and he  
says that if one-half of such stories  
are to be credited, there is enough  
material in the average session of  
one of these clubs to keep a vaude-  
ville house running for an entire sea-  
son and to crowd half the closets in  
town with skeletons. He tells us of  
a woman who "got tangled up with a  
handkerchief" at a club meeting  
where whist was played. All those  
present were friends, and they had a  
real nice sociable time with only the  
usual amount of personalities. "One  
of the ladies had a very fine hand-  
kerchief; probably a number of them  
had fine handkerchiefs, but only this  
particular handkerchief played a part  
in this little incident. The little  
lace and embroidery trifle was 're-  
marked by several of the ladies, and  
admirably commented upon. After  
the play, and when the ladies were  
buzzing about for the last half hour  
of leave-taking, the lady who owned  
the handkerchief laid it on a bed  
while she put on her wraps. Now  
it seems that there happened to be  
one woman present about whom some  
of the company had 'heard things.'  
Her married life had not been all  
smooth sailing and other troubles had  
come her way, so that, altogether,  
she was just a little bit outclassed  
socially by most of those present.  
She saw the costly mouchoir on the  
bed, and picked it up, at the same  
time saying, 'Is this my handker-  
chief? I think I dropped it here.'  
Said the owner: 'I beg pardon, but  
that is mine; I just laid it there.'  
'Why, you have your handkerchief in  
your hand,' was the rejoinder. 'I fre-  
quently carry two with me,' was the  
response, and the owner turned to  
speak to another lady, leaving the  
handkerchief still on the bed, where  
the covetous one had replaced it. A  
few minutes later she left the room  
and noted casually, as she did so, she  
left the covetous one there alone.  
Turning at the door she actually saw  
the other woman pick up the hand-  
kerchief, but thought only that she  
was admiring it. A little later she  
returned for the handkerchief and it  
was gone. Still she hesitated to  
think anything wrong, and only the  
next day, when a thorough search  
of the house where the whist party  
was given failed to find the hand-  
kerchief, did she allow herself to be  
convinced. The owner of the hand-  
kerchief and the hostess talked it  
over. Of course, the hostess was  
terribly chagrined to think that such  
a thing could happen in her house  
and was in favor of a thorough in-  
quiry. To this the loser of the  
handkerchief objected, saying she  
would rather suffer the loss than  
bring about the exposure. But the  
next meeting of this particular set of  
whist players was not graced by the  
presence of the covetous one, nor has  
she been honored with invitations to  
the two other meetings that have fol-  
lowed. She must, of course, know  
why; at least everybody else in the  
bunch knows, and it is my honest  
opinion that they all pity her, at the  
same time they are wondering how  
she can get any good out of the  
handsome trifle. It is almost sure  
to be recognized if she ever uses it in  
public."

5.20 P.M., C.P.R. FOR NEW YORK.

2 Pullmans daily, arriving Grand  
Central Station by the New York  
Central 7.50 a.m.

## Why Pure Water Gets Office Work Done Better

**B**ECAUSE those in the  
offices do not get near-  
ly enough bodily exer-  
cise, their brains grow weary  
along in the afternoon, and  
work drags.

Sedentary occupations mean  
lazy livers, sluggish kidneys,  
slack digestions. These mean  
bodily wastes clogging the  
brain machinery.

Water-drinking is the remedy.  
Office people seem to need  
even more water than ordi-  
nary folks. Ten glasses a day  
is none too much. Do you  
drink that much PURE water  
a day? Do your office assist-  
ants?

Neither you nor they can  
afford to drink city water—  
not if your healths are worth  
guarding. For Lake Ontario  
water is only fairly pure a part  
of the year. Often it is risky

drinking indeed—spring fresh-  
ets, summer thunderstorms  
and easterly gales always  
make it specially dangerous.

Now, a really PURE water  
will cost you only ten cents a  
gallon, delivered at your office.  
For that is the special office-  
service price of YORK  
SPRINGS WATER, ideally  
pure, limpid, refreshing,  
crystal-clear—a NATURAL  
water, perfect as a beverage.

Ten cents a gallon—and for a  
nominal extra cost we will  
even provide a sanitary, hand-  
some water-cooler.

Business men who have adopt-  
ed this dime-a-gallon service  
say it pays good divi-  
dends, because it so increases  
the efficiency of the office  
force. Your own bodily good,  
moreover—that is worth more  
than York Springs Water  
costs, isn't it?

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Chocolates**

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chocolates for a gift, re-  
member the daintiest and best  
of confections are

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## VICHY — CELESTINS

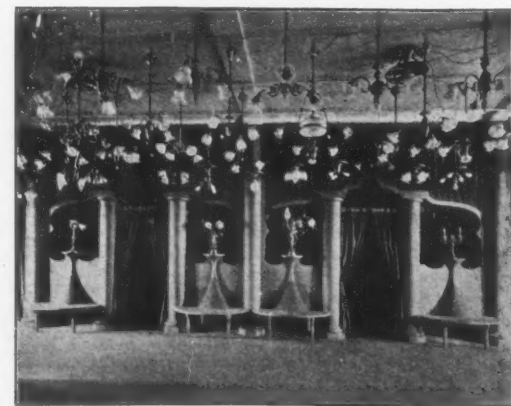
The only genuine Vichy Water;  
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## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT, LIMITED, Proprietors

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## 12. POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE

## Louis Riel's Right Bower.

A MAN once famous in Canada has bobbed up in Chicago in the person of Honore Joseph Jaxon. Few will remember the name, although it was once familiar to all, as that of the half-breed who acted as private secretary to Louis Riel in the rebellion of 1885. When the rebellion was crushed Jaxon escaped across the border, much to the relief of all concerned, for the hanging of Riel was a job quite enough for the authorities at Ottawa in the then state of politics.

When a man in the United States wants newspaper notoriety there is one sure way of attaining it, and the ex-Canadian rebel resorted to that method a few weeks ago. He wrote to President Roosevelt finding fault with something the President had done, and got back one of those terrific replies from the White House that the newspapers love to publish. So Honore Joseph Jaxon is again in the papers after having been long swallowed up in silence. One of the papers says of him: "Honore Joseph lives in two rooms back of a vinegar factory. The two rooms are full of books, and scientific apparatus, and firewood, and chemicals, and pictures, and old clothes and various other things, and on the walls hang diplomas from the University of Toronto and parchments telling of honors won in Greek and Latin. Here he writes his letters. Here he wrote his letter to the President, protesting against the President's designation of Moyer and Haywood, the Colorado labor men, as 'undesirable citizens.' Nobody knew much about Jaxon's protest until the President's reply came back like a thirteen-inch shell thrown at a dingy, and then all Chicago sat up, gave an imitation of deep thought and said: 'Honore Joseph Jaxon? Where have we heard that name before?'"

Then people remembered him as the half-breed rebel from Canada, who had made a local noise once before as a labor leader in a strike, and who has been an all-round faddist.

Jaxon may have diplomas from the University of Toronto hanging up in his room behind the vinegar factory, but we cannot find his name recorded in the list of graduates from that seat of learning.

## The Genial George.

THERE is no more genial personality in the broad acres of Canada than Mr. George H. Ham, the popular expert of the C.P.R. To thousands he is known personally, and to thousands more his name must be familiar, through the columns of the newspapers. Nobody on the C.P.R. knows precisely what Mr. Ham's official position is, and he claims that he does not know himself. If he does it is a secret between himself and the president. He cometh and goeth like the wind. One week he is heard of in Vancouver, another in Winnipeg, anon in Toronto, in Montreal, Halifax or the wilds of Muskoka. Or perhaps it is Chicago, or Mexico City, or St. Louis. His mission is to give pleasure to gentlemen whose friendship may be useful to the company he serves. When a party of Washington correspondents goes across the continent it is Mr. Ham who goes along to see that they obtain a proper appreciation of the resources and beauties of Canada. When a new branch line is to be opened it is Mr. Ham who mingles and creates a spirit of geniality among those present. His unfailing good humor, his ready wit and fund of good stories make him the ideal host. He can call more newspaper men by their first name than any man in America. Mr. Ham is said to have been a "find" of Sir William Van Horne, and was an alderman of the

city of Winnipeg when he was selected for these very qualities of geniality. The toughest trial to which his famous tact was ever put was when he took a party of women journalists to one of the great world's expositions. At a loss to whom to assign the drawing-room of their Pullman without giving offence, he took it himself. Throughout the trip he was like a man sitting on a volcano, but so effective was the pervading sunshine of his presence, that in the end the ladies formed a female "fraternal" organization.

## A Disappointed Man.

THERE is an old gentleman walking about the streets of Toronto whose face wears an expression of the most intense gloom. Clean-shaven, with stooped shoulders, his face and gait are the very apotheosis of woe. And the cause of his sorrow is unique. It is because he failed to properly prognosticate the date on which the world would come to an end. Some months ago he went into a daily newspaper office and informed the city editor that the last day was at hand. The newspaper man did not like the look in his visitor's eye, and watched for means of escape should the prophet grow violent and anticipate the event in his case. In the meantime he tried to pacify him by treating the announcement seriously.

"Indeed," he said, "you are sure of it?"

"Yes, and I thought you, as a newspaper man, might like to know it. Why not put something about it in your paper?"

"Yes, but can you tell me the date on which it will occur?" queried the city editor.

"February 22," promptly answered the prophet.

"Where did you get the information? We try to be accurate in these matters, you know," continued the newspaper man.

The visitor's voice sank to a mysterious whisper.

"By direct revelation!" he said, and then stalked away.

Failing to induce the newspaper to publish the item he had dodgers printed announcing the event, and himself distributed them on King street. He was quite cheerful, having apparently the idea that he would be called upon to take an important part in the final cataclysm. February 22 came and went, with no exceptional happenings, and the day afterward the old man was seen on the street the picture of woe. His revelation had not come true. He has found some consolation, however, in the late spring, for recently he walked into the editor's office with a communication headed "Causes of the Cold Weather," in which he pointed out that it was easily explained. Mankind had not done its duty, he said, and was being punished. The cold weather would last, he predicted, for another year at least.

## Retires from the Legislature.

MR. T. H. PRESTON of the Brantford Expositor is one of the best men in the Ontario Legislature, and his announcement that he will not stand for re-election is to be regretted. When word was received that Mr. Preston was dropping out of the Legislature everyone assumed that this was preparatory to his entry into Dominion politics, where the Ontario representation of the Liberals is very weak, but I am told that Mr. Preston has no intention or desire in that direction but proposes throwing himself fully into his large publishing business in Brantford, and making his excellent paper a better one.



Mr. T. H. Preston.

It may seem strange to a man who would give a leg or an arm to get into the Legislature, that the member for Brant should voluntarily give up his seat. The country is full of men who would make almost any sacrifice to gain the prize that Mr. Preston relinquishes—but when a man wins it, it does not prove to be so great a prize as it promised to be when looked at from a distance. Indeed, if the truth must be told private members in Parliament and the Legislature often look nearly bored to death as they sit day after day at their desks, or prowl about in the evenings lonesome and longing for home. The job is not what it is cracked up to be.

Mr. Preston did not do much in the Legislature to keep up mere partyism. Many a time I have seen him sit impassive while those about him pounded their desks in applauding a bit of party clap-trap. He would sit unmoved while the more volatile Mr. McKay of Owen Sound would thump his desk, throw back his head and laugh his delight. Preston had no applause except for sincere and useful argument. He is a man in earnest—good-humored but none the less in earnest. The Toronto World is not pleased with Mr. Preston and says so. He is not the type of man to please Mr. W. F. Maclean, for he is extremely cautious, and while a Liberal is by no means radical enough to suit the Conservative member for South York. But in this country our politicians are in a hopeless tangle—every other man you meet is in the wrong camp. The result is brought about because a man chooses his party when a child, or has it chosen for him, and among us the unpardonable sin is to "change your party."

## Not as Ferocious as He Looked.

THE arrest of a tramp last week, with the proceeds of several of his petty burglaries on his person, is a reminder of the menace offered by these parasites to the peace and security of a community. It is not the dweller in the well-policed city, however, but the residents of smaller towns and rural districts for whom the tramp has most terror. In this connection a lady who resides on the outskirts of the pretty town of Barrie relates an experience which, while amusing in retrospect, was terrifying at the time. Early one afternoon a strongly-built and roughly dressed man appeared at the door and said that her husband had met him and told him to come to the house and get some dinner. The young matron was dubious about admitting the fellow and ventured to suggest that her husband was not likely to have given such instructions, but the man insisted so strongly that she finally placed food before him. While her unwelcome guest was eating, he eyed her so intently that she had no chance to carry out her desire to slip out to her nearest neighbor's house several hundred yards away. His meal finished, the man leaned back, regarded his hostess silently and (as she



At Toronto University Convocation

This group picture shows a party on the lawn. Dr. Goldwin Smith is seated in a chair, with Prof. Mavor standing. Seated with his back to the camera is Dr. Weir Mitchell of Philadelphia.

thought) rather angrily. Then, to her alarm, he drew from his pocket a peculiar looking knife, which he proceeded to sharpen to razor keenness on a pocket hone. Fascinated and helpless with terror, she waited for his next move, which proved to be the producing of a piece of thin leather, which he proceeded to cut into narrow strips, and these, with the addition of a silver quarter, he offered in exchange for his dinner. The man was an itinerant cobbler, and he sought thus to repay his entertainer for her trouble. The lady refused to take his money, but accepted the supply of shoe laces which had caused her such an uncomfortable ten minutes.

## Story of a Pair of Gloves.

ON a Yonge street car going north, two men sat side by side reading their evening papers, oblivious to the coming and going of other passengers. They were sedate men of business, now speeding homeward after the bustle and worry of the day. When the car reached Bloor street several people got off and others boarded the car in their stead.

Just then one of the two men looked up from his paper, glanced hurriedly out of the window, and, seeing that he was being carried beyond Bloor, where he had desired to change to the Belt Line, he bolted for the door and jumped off the rear platform.

The other man looked up from his paper absent-mindedly as his neighbor hurriedly withdrew, and turned to resume his reading, when his glance fell on the vacant seat beside him—and there lay a pair of gloves.

He seized the gloves, bolted for the door and called after the other passenger, who turned and looked back. Waving his arm and beckoning, he threw the gloves as far as he could toward Bloor street.

Satisfied that he had done his duty like an honest man, he re-entered the rapidly moving car and resumed his reading, conscious that all the other passengers were regarding him with affable interest. But he did not read long. While he was yet under the eyes of his fellow-travellers a spasm shot across his face, and hurriedly he clutched the pockets of his coat. Then he jumped up and looked on the seat. It was quite evident he had lost something. He turned a curiously wild look through the rear door of the flying car, yanked the bell and jumped off. He was going back for the gloves he had thrown at the other man back at Bloor street, for he now discovered that they were his own.

The other passengers had witnessed the whole performance, and laughed deep and long. Whenever one of them looked again at the now vacant corner of the car where two men had sat reading their papers, he would burst out laughing anew, and the whole car would join in.

## Another Story of Morley Punshon.

WRITING from Guelph, "W. H. L." gives me a slightly different version of the story of Rev. Morley Punshon as it is told by Mr. T. C. Irving. It was the story of the "Shaking Boots," and the amended version is that Punshon spoke of them as having "rotten soles" instead of "miserable" ones. Either way, the anecdote is good enough.

"Another incident," writes W. H. L., "in connection with the wonderful platform eloquence of Mr. Punshon may be worth referring to, though in this case the quick-witted remark dropped from the lips of Dr. Torrance, who has long and deservedly enjoyed the reputation of the gift of Irish readiness in the use of language.

"At a public meeting held in Guelph, Mr. Punshon had spoken with his wonderful power, and among the local clergy, Dr. Torrance had a place on the platform. He, when called upon by the chairman, said that for some time he had desired to meet Mr. Punshon, but not until to-night had he had the opportunity, and that now having enjoyed the privilege he was compelled to admit that of all the measures we had abroad, quarts, pints, etc., we had comparatively few punshons."

## The Only "Banzai."

DURING Prince Fushimi's visit to Toronto the enthusiasm was mostly in the newspapers. The "cheers from three thousand throats" that were said to have greeted the Prince on his arrival at Toronto were heard only by the reporters and by those representatives of international diplomacy who were anxious that the affair should pass off pleasantly.

The people could drum up no enthusiasm. The best they could do was show curiosity about the Prince from Japan—and so they turned out to see him. In fact the people looked on in a very wooden way as the carriages passed up Simcoe street. The local dignitaries, driving with the distinguished visitors, looked more grandly solemn than usual, and the procession had all the dignity of a funeral train. The silence was not intentional, it was the silence of people awkward and unready. But there was silence so complete on Simcoe street that you could dis-

tinctly hear the price of stocks falling on the distant exchange.

Only once was a voice raised calling "Banzai." Controller Hubbard rode in a carriage near the end of the procession, and being only a shade darker in complexion than the Japanese, it pleased a by-stander to hail him as if he were the Prince with a cordial "Banzai." With great presence of mind the Controller declined to acknowledge the salutation.

## Making Fine Ore Specimens

THERE is a story going the rounds of the mining exchange of a mode by which fine "specimens" are being produced for the benefit of prospective investors in mining shares. It is to be feared that despite the mineral richness

of Canada there is hardly enough high grade ore to go round among the very large number of mining companies which hold charters. A good kind dentist, however, has, it is said, found a means to remedy this deficiency. Filling holes in people's teeth, it is said, gave him the idea. Why not fill quartz in the same way and produce specimens that would dazzle the eye of the unwary investor. Now, when a kurb broker who is not too scrupulous has a proposition to float he takes to the dentist a few chunks of quartz. The latter patiently toils at it with gold leaf and dental tools until he has produced as handsome a set of specimens as the eye could desire, and they are sent to adorn the broker's office desk. All of which goes to show that it would be wise for the man who wants to get rich out of mining stocks to find out whether the property has passed government inspection.

King Otto of Bavaria, who has just entered upon his sixtieth year, is a king in name only. He has never been crowned, and never sat on the throne which is his by right. When he had just reached manhood he showed signs of that hereditary taint of insanity which has made the House of Wittelsbach one of the most decadent dynasties in Europe, and before he was thirty it was deemed advisable to place the unfortunate monarch under restraint. For over thirty years King Otto has been quite insane, and two years ago it was found necessary to commit him to a place of solitary confinement. Late in his condition is said to have become worse. His attendants find the greatest difficulty in inducing him to take food. He refuses all warm dishes, and will not eat when anyone is in the room.

Prince Louis of Battenberg, who is to be second in command of England's Mediterranean fleet, would have lost his life in Bulgaria some years ago but for his coolness. His brother, Prince Alexander, was ruling that turbulent state and Prince Louis happened to be with him when a mob broke into the palace. The ringleader held a revolver at Prince Alexander's head and ordered him to abdicate on the spot. Prince Louis came to the rescue and got the mob in hand. The result was that a few months later they offered him the throne. His answer was brief and to the point. He preferred a ship with the British flag at the masthead.

In circles where the game of statecraft is played, King Edward has proved himself to be the greatest strategist in diplomatic manoeuvres since the days of Talleyrand, only King Edward's employment of language is for a purpose exactly the reverse of the great French diplomatist, who said that words were fit only to conceal one's purpose. The King is silent until the opportune time comes, when his words are too clear in their meaning to be misunderstood.—San Francisco News Letter.

In publishing a story told of Arthur Stringer and Harvey O'Higgins, the Canadian story-writers, while they were struggling for recognition in New York, The Literary Digest refers to "Harry" O'Higgins, before he became famous. What is fame anyway?

## "Saturday Night" at Summer Resorts

Readers and subscribers of Saturday Night leaving Toronto for the summer months may have their favorite weekly paper mailed direct from the office of publication to their summer home for any period. Our special offer is 25 cents for six weeks. Orders for new subscriptions and change of address should be sent to the Saturday Night Office, 26-28 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

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## MR. DOOLEY ON THE JAPANESE SCARE

By FINLEY PETER DUNNE.

"D ID ye go to see th' Japs whin they were here?" asked Mr. Dooley.

"I did not," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Nor I," said Mr. Dooley. "I was afraid to. They're a divvie iv a sensitive people thim Japs. Look cross-eyed at thim an' they're into yer hair. I stayed away fr'm th' stock yards whin me frind Gin'ral Armour was showin' Gin'ral Kroky some rale slaughter. I didn't dare to go down there fr fear I'd involve this fair land iv ours in war. Supposin' th' haughty little fellow was to see me grinnin' at him. A smile don't seem th' same thing to an Oriental that it is to us Cowcassians. He might think that I was insultin' him. 'Look at that fellow makin' faces at me,' says he. 'He ain't makin' faces at ye,' says the Mayor. 'That's th' way he always looks.' 'Thim he must have his face planed down,' says Kroky. 'If he don't I'll appeal to th' McAdoo an' he'll divastate this boasted ralypublic iv ye's,' he says, fr'm sea to sea," he says.



An' that goes now. Ye can bump anny foreigner ye meet but a Jap. Don't touch him. He's a live wire. Don't think ye can pull his impeyal hat down on his bold upcurved nose. Th' first thing ye know ye'll be what Hogan calls Casey's Bellows, an' munny a peaceful village in Indyan-ny'll be destroyed fr ye'er folly.

Why, be hevens, it won't be long till we'll have to be threatenin' th' Chinese dacint. Think iv that will ye. I r-read in th' pa-aper th' other day that th' Chinese ar-my had been reorganized an' re-armed. Hinceforth, instead iv th' old-fashioned petticoats they will wear th' more warlike short skirt. Th' palm leafs have been cast aside fr mod-hren quick-firin' fans an' a complete new assortment iv gongs, bows an' arrows, stink-pots an' charms against th' evil eye has been ordered fr'm a well-known German firm. Be careful th' next time ye think iv kickin' an empty ash-barl down yer

frind Lip Hung's laundry. Rash, foolish man, beware!

"Well, what's to be done about it? I can't change me face an' there's no legal way iv removin' it. Th' Prisdint writes to th' Gov'nor, th' Gov'nor requests th' Sheriff, th' Sheriff speaks to th' Mayor, th' Mayor desires th' Chief iv Polis, th' Chief iv Polis orders th' policeman on th' beat an' th' policeman on th' beat commands me to take me alarmin' visage out iv th' public view. Suppose I go down to see me counsel, Barrister Hogan. He tells me that under th' rights guaranteed to me be th' Constitution, which Gawd defend an' help in these here days, an' me liquor license, I'm entitled to stick me tongue in me cheek, wink, roll up me nose, wiggle me hands fr'm me ears, bite me thumb or say 'Pooh' to any black-an'-tan I meet.

"Thim what happens? Th' first thing I know a shell loaded with dynnymite drops into th' lap iv some frind iv mine in San Francisco; a party iv Jap'nese land in Boston an' scalp th' wigs off th' descendants iv John Hancock an' Sam Adams; a Jap'nese policeman gives me companyon's th' joo-jitsoo as they toil up th' Ar-rchey road iv a Saturdagh night an' Tiddy Rosenfelt is discovered under a bed with a small language book thyrin' to larn to say 'Spare me' in th' Jap'nese tongue. And me name goes bouncin' down to history as a man that brought room to his country, an' two hundred years fr'm now little childer atin' their milk with chop sticks in Kenosha, Wisconsin, will curse me fr'm wickedness instead iv blessin' th' mimry iv a man that done so much to keep their fathers fr'm hurryin' home at night. So I stayed away. Fr a moment th' peril is over.

"But it won't be fr long. Ivry mornin' I pick up me pa-aper with fear an' tremblin'. War with Japan is immynint. 'Tokyo, June five—Th' whole nation is wild with excitement over th' mistreatment iv a Jap'nese in Los Angeles, an' unless an apology is forthcomin' it will be difficult fr th' government to prevint th' navy fr'm shootin' a few things at ye. Th' people iv America shud know that they ar-re at th' brink iv war. A correspondint iv th' Daily Saky, who wurruks in an old porcyln' factory in Maine, writes that this famous subjick iv th' McAdoo, whose name has escaped him but who had a good job in a livery stable in Tokyo before he was sint on a mission to th' American people to see what he cud get, wint into an all night restrant an' demanded his threety rights, which ar-re that th' waiter was to tuck his napkin into his collar an' th' bartender must play, 'Nippon th' glorious' on a mouth organ. Onforechintely th' proprietor iv th' place, a man be th' name iv Scully, got hold iv a copy iv th' threety with Sweden with th' sad result that he give th' subjick iv th' McAdoo th' wrong threety rights. He hit him over th' head with a bung-starter. There is some relief in th' situation to-night based on th' report that th' Prisdint has sint an apology an' has ordered out th' army to subjoo Scully. 'The Impror held a meetin' iv th' Elder Statesmen to-night to discuss sindin' a fleet to San Francisco to punish th' neglect iv threety rights iv th' Jap'nese be a street car conductor who wouldn't let a subjick iv th' McAdoo ride on th' Thirty-first Sthreet line with an Ogden Avnoo transfer dated August eighteen hundher an' sixty-two.' 'Th' Prisdint has ordered th' arrest an' imprisonment iv a dentist in Albany who hurt a Jap'nese whose tooth he was fillin'. He has raquisth' McAdoo to give us another chance before layin' waste our land.' 'Followin' th' advice iv th' Jap'nese ambassadeur fr poor young Japs to marry rich American girls, a Jap'nese combynation theological student an' cook applied fr th' hand iv th' daughter iv th' boordin' house keeper where he was employed. He was able to limp to th' Jap'nese Consul's house, where he made a complaint to th' Impror, who was an old frind iv his father. Th' Prisdint has ordered th' lady to marry th' Chink.' 'Th' Hoop-la Theaytre was closed last night on complaint iv th' Jap'nese ambassadeur that th' Fluff Opry Comp'ny was givin' a ripresentation iv Jap'nese characters in pink robes instead iv th' seemly black derby hats, a size too large, Prince Albert coats, pear-colored pants, button shoes, sthring neck-ties an' spectacles which is th' well-known unyform iv th' gloryous race. As token iv their grief th' Cabnet waited on th' Jap'nese embassy at dinner to-night an' Admiral Bob Evans has been ordered to sink th' battle ship Loosyanny an' carry Gin'ral Kroky's hat box to th' deppo.'

"An' so it goes. I'm in a state iv alarum all th' time. In th' good old days we wudden't have thought life was worth livin' if we cudden't insult a foreigner. That's what they were fr. Whin I was strong, before old age deprived me iv most iv me pathritism an' other infantile disorders, I niver saw a Swede, a Hun, an Eyetalian, a Booh-lgaryan, a German, a Fr-rinchman that I didn't give him th' shoulder. If 'twas an Englishman I give him th' foot too. Threety rights, says ye? We give him th' same threety rights he'd give us, a drink an' a whack on th' head. It seemed proper to us. If 'twas right to belong to wan nationality, 'twas wrong to belong to another. If 'twas a man's proud boast to be an American. It was a disgrace to be a German an' a joke to be a Fr-rinchman.

"Sure thim little fellows wud niver tackle us," said Mr. Hennessy. "Th' likes iv thim!"

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, 'tis because they ar-re little ye've got to be polite to thim. A big man knows he don't have to fight, but whin a man is little an' knows he's little an' is thinkin' all th' time he's little an' feels that ivry-body else is thinkin' he's little, look out fr him."

## Too Suggestive.

IN its "Literary Zoo" department a recent number of New York Life tells this story of how an American humorist had a joke played on him unconsciously by a serious-minded Englishwoman:

The perennial humorist, with a heavy yearly output of stories, rhymes, and books, can hardly be blamed for occasionally repeating himself, much less can he avoid the temptation of ringing the changes on an old theme. Yet even the most hardened sinner does not care to have the crime brought home to him, as happened to John Kendrick Bangs not long since. His publishers had turned over to a young artist his latest book, that she might design a book-cover—a dangerous experiment, as the young lady, though clever, was English and the book was a volume of alleged American humor. Mr. Bangs himself passes upon his book-covers, and in this case, as usual, the design was submitted to him. The motif was a green leaf many times repeated. A grim smile spread over Mr. Bangs' ruddy countenance as the unconscious significance of the design slowly dawned upon him. He sent for the artist.

"My dear Miss K—," he said graciously, "this is a very effective cover, but this—er—leaf—what kind of a leaf is it meant to be?"

"Oh, that!" she replied innocently, "that is the chestnut!"

"Ah!" said Mr. Bangs. "I thought so!" Then he painstakingly initiated her into the mysteries of American slang and showed her why the design would not do.

## Calls Hammerstein a Real Live Peter Pan.

MR. OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, who probably has lost and gained more money in theatrical enterprises than any other man in the world, now possesses in the newly-erected Manhattan Opera House, New York, a building that is studiously free of architectural ideals—an opera house that is, in fact, the most tawdry, architecturally, that one possibly could find. But the Manhattan is the realization of a thirty-seven years' dream. Mr. Hammerstein, like Peter Pan, never grew up, says P. T. O. Ever since, as a boy, he heard Madame Patti sing it has been the desire of this boy of fifty-seven to possess an opera house of his own. And to gain the fulfillment of this desire he has displayed unwonted persistence and courage—even a genius for rising with a smile after every reverse of fortune and going at it again. He has the shrewdness, the persistence, the humorous wisdom of the man, but he has the curiosity, the inscrutableness of the boy; and who shall say that is not a greater wisdom?

Mr. Hammerstein was originally a maker of cigar machines; he patented an invention of his own in this line, and made a fortune out of it. Why he should have forsaken cigar-making for theatrical ventures is a problem that has puzzled many people. When the question has been put to him, he has invariably replied, with a Sphinx-like smile: "Ah, but the tobacco business is prose, this is poetry—you know? It's more fun to make Melba sing than it is to make a cigar. To-night, now, first she tells me it's too hot in her dressing-room; then it's too cold; then she wants me to ring up at eight, when there are

## The Evolution of an Autoist

BROWN is not a wealthy man, according to Toronto standards, but he is "well-fixed." His business associates have always considered him conservative; and, until a year or more ago, his family knew him as a man who avoided extravagance and counselled moderation in all things. Consider the surprise, then, with which his wife received this announcement one day last spring:

"Do you know, my dear, I believe I'll buy a little automobile."

"An automobile!" gasped his wife. "What would you do with an automobile?"

The wretched man assumed the apologetic tone that many a husband adopts when he tries by elaborate and propitiatory reasoning to prove to his wife that it would be real economy for him to buy a new pair of tan shoes in order to save the black ones he bought a month ago.

"Oh, it was just an inexpensive little car I was thinking about," said he—"merely a runabout. They're really very cheap. Why, I can get one for about \$800, and I tell you it's great fun riding in an auto, after all. I've been out with Smith several times lately, and it's a fine way to get the fresh air. Now if we had a runabout we could often go out for a spin instead of going on other little trips that cost quite a bit, and then think of all the car fares I would save, going out to the golf club for instance—"

"But they say they're horribly expensive to keep in repair," interposed Mrs. Brown. "And, anyway, you have always said that you detested automobiles."

"Oh, Smith says that the stories told about the fearful cost of keeping a car are all nonsense," returned Brown. "If you're reasonably-careful, he says, it doesn't cost you much to run one. Of course, I've always said I hadn't any use for an auto, but I've just found out how pleasant it is to ride in one."

So Brown bought the runabout, had the small stable on his lot tidied up to receive it, and hired a young fellow who said he knew all about cars to show him how to operate it. On the trial run they smashed the rear lamp off as they turned out into the street; so they went down town to make good the damage. Stopping at a supply house, Brown went in and bought the cheapest lamp shown to him. It was \$6.50. The obliging man who sold it to him called another obliging man, who took up a small brass bracket and a couple of screw-nails, stepped out, put on the lamp, and stepped in again, all in about a minute. Then a brisk young lady in the office made out a bill and handed it to Brown. He glanced at the items it contained. There were three—the lamp, the brass bracket and the "time" of the man who had put in the two screw-nails. His first impulse was to regard the bill as he would have regarded an ordinary bill—one from the coal man or the gas company. He got as far as wondering what the probable cost of such a brass bracket would have been if purchased at a store dealing in hardware, and he was about to make a rapid mental calculation as to how much it would cost to have the man who attached the lamp work on his car for a full day on the basis of "time" charged. But the momentary weakness passed. A full sense of his dignity as a car-owner came upon him. He had cash in his pocket, but it was with more than satisfaction that he remembered that he happened to have a cheque-book too. He pulled it out, and, tossing the bill back to the brisk young lady, asked carelessly, as he poised his fountain pen: "What's the amount again? I didn't quite notice." And Brown walked out initiated.

By the time he had learned to drive the runabout successfully he was tired of it—not because he thought it cost him too much, but because it wouldn't run fast enough. Almost any o'd car that came along passed him and gave him dust. He mentioned this to Mrs. Brown one day. But she didn't wait for him to point out that a bigger car—a real car—would suit him better and would be much nicer for her, as she didn't like the runabout and scarcely ever went out in it, because it made so much noise and had so little room.

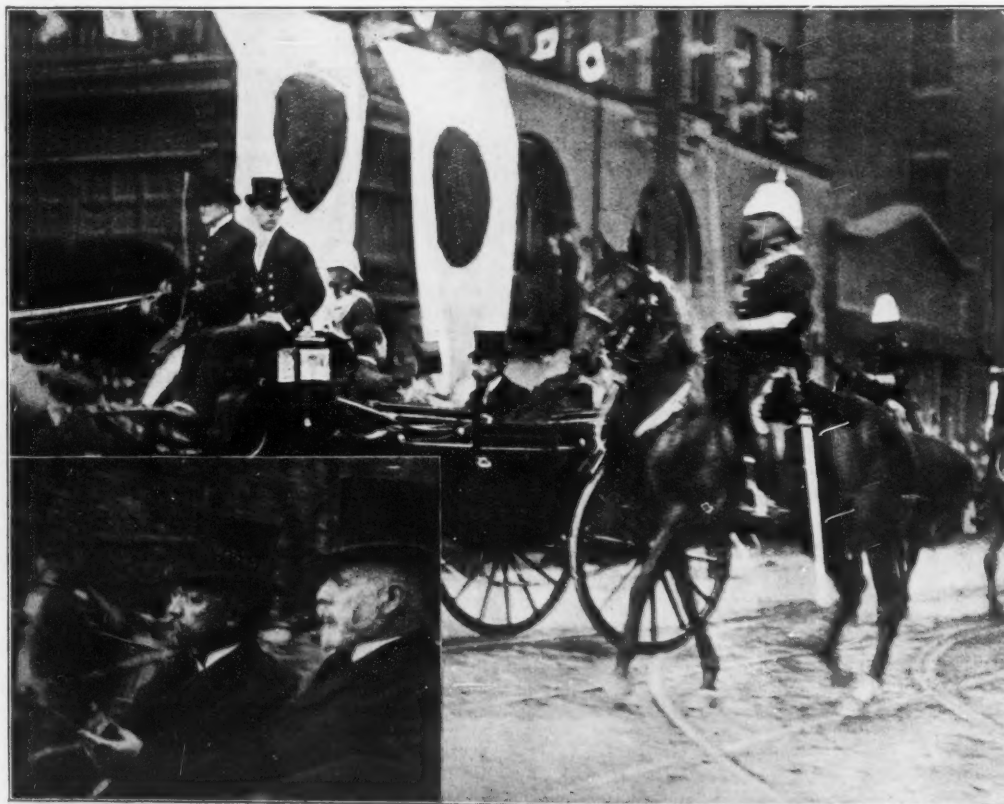
"I suppose you'll be getting a bigger one," said she. And he did. He turned the runabout in on the purchase of a tidy 18 h.p. car, which held his interest most of the summer. But toward autumn he began to anticipate again. Early this spring he was very busy looking through the catalogues of new models, and the other day, in King street, as he was stepping into a big, imposing-looking touring car, he accosted a friend who was passing.

"How do you like my new car?" said he. "I can make time with the best of them now. I tell you. And I can take out the whole family, too, when I want to. Say, there's nothing like motoring to broaden a man. Last spring I thought I was going to some expense in buying a bit of a runabout that would make as much speed backwards as any other way, and my first little repair bill nearly bowled me over. A fellow can't drive an auto and stay mean. So long!"

HAL.

In response to many requests, coming from all parts of Canada and from abroad, for information on the mining and metallurgical industries of Canada and the need of such a publication to bring the mining and metallurgical industries of the Dominion in touch with the newly-created department of mines, the minister, Hon. William Templeman, has authorized the collection of authentic and reliable information for a report on this industry. It will cover the whole country and will give the name of each company, the date of incorporation and charter, authorized capital, value of shares, directors and officers, head office, Canadian office, number of men employed, wages, transportation facilities, market and prices. It is proposed to report only upon producing mines, mines under development, and established metallurgical plants. The present rapid progress in the development of these industries and the changing conditions regarding such factors as labor, markets and prices will necessitate supplementary annual publications to bring the information of the original report up to date.

Visitors to Japan are usually impressed with the many curious uses to which fans are put. The umpire at wrestling and fencing matches uses a large fan, the various motions of which constitute a language that the combatants understand and promptly heed. Men and children, as well as women, use fans at all times. The servant has a flat fan, made of rough paper, to blow the charcoal fires with, or use as a dustpan. The farmer has a stout fan to winnow his grain. Still another variety is made of waterproof paper, which, dipped in water, creates a pleasant coolness by evaporation without wetting the clothes.



Starting for the Drive About the City  
The Prince and the Mayor

On the Way to the Government House  
The Prince and the Lieutenant-Governor

## PRINCE FUSHIMI IN TORONTO

ought to be scared iv thim. I niver see wan without wondhrin' whether me cellar is bomb-proof.

"An' I sigh fr th' good old days before we become what Hogan calls a wurruold power. In thim days our favorite sport was playin' solytare, winnin' money fr'm each other an' no wan th' worse off. Ivrybody was in-vin-vus iv us. We didn't care fr th' big game goin' on in th' corner. Whin it broke up in a row we said, 'Gintlemen, gentlemen!' an' maybe wint over an' grabbed somebody's stake. But we cudden't stand it anny longer. We had to give up our simple little game iv patience an' cut into th' other deal. An' now be hevens we have no peace iv mind. Wan hand we have wan partner; another hand he's against us. This minyit th' Jap an' me ar-re playin' together an' I'm tellin' him what a fine lead that was; th' next an' he's agin me an' askin' me kindly not to look at his hand. There ar-re no frinds at cards or wurruold pollyticks. Th' deal changes an' what started as a frindly game iv rob ye'er neighbor winds up with an old ally catchin' me pullin' an ace out iv me boot and whackin' me over th' head with a bottle."

only two people in the house, and I have to set my watch back and show her it's only seven-thirty—you know? You must handle these singers just so—it's an art—or else they'll go out on the stage and phrase like the devil. If you let 'em do that you'd have have to admit people to your house on free passes—you know?"

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, the celebrated Philadelphia physician and author, was a guest at a big dinner recently. He listened to one or two speeches and then slipped out of the room. Later a friend inquired as to the cause of his disappearance. "I grew weary," he said, "of hearing men talk about millions and billions and not a word about education or moral progress or literature or poetry. Why, has the nation got so imbued with commercialism that men can talk of nothing but dollars and cents. Let me tell you, sir, that this country could well afford to pay \$1,000,000,000 for another Shakespeare." "But, doctor," said his friend banteringly, "we have our Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, and he did not cost us \$1,000,000,000." "Wait," he answered, and his eyes twinkled. "Wait; you have never got a bill from me yet."



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## THE CANADA OF TO-DAY

A severe article on Canada by W. R. Givens, a former Canadian, writing in the New York Independent.

On this article "Mack" has some comments on "The Front Page"

THE truth of the matter is that Canada is scarcely going ahead at all to-day. Were it not for the inflow, not a little of it from the United States, to the great Northwest, drawn there by reason of the natural wealth and fertility of that land, the Canadian population of to-day, if an honest census were taken, would not improbably be found to be less than it was ten or twenty-five years ago. That is to see, what Canada has gained in the West—and she has gained that, not because of any trade, commercial or educational advantages she offers, but rather in spite of the lack of them and chiefly because Mother Earth is there fruitful and yielding—she largely has lost in the eastern sections which in many parts might almost be said to be suffering from dry-rot. Daily, scores of the brightest of Canada's young men are leaving their native land for the United States, there to get what, so long as the present social, political and commercial systems exist and persist in Canada they cannot get a home—a fair chance, a square deal. The truth is that Canada is an Old Man's Land, ruled largely by old men, and running in its every phase of life in a narrow groove, rust on the rails, moss on the sides, and ballasted unevenly and insecurely. Hence it is that most of those who remain in Canada are prepared to accept as gospel from any leader, Liberal or Conservative, whatever explanation he may choose to give of Canada's backwardness or lethargy, the while the young men (you may count them by the thousands in New York, Boston, Chicago and other American cities) who have been forced to leave Canada for lack of opportunity and who have been given the opportunity in the United States, stand amazed at such gullibility.

Canada is not only an old man's land, but it is essentially not a place for young men. The field, limited at best, is doubly limited by the really crude and foolish notions that prevail there of "seniority," and of the rights of seniority. There one always feels, unlike Pitt, that one must actually endeavor either to palliate or to deny "the atrocious crime of being a young man." It will not necessarily benefit him that he have ability; he must advance "in order," rarely displacing an older man save in the event of death. Of course there are exceptions even in Canada to this rule; but these very exceptions prove the rule, which is applicable to all lines of business, to the law, to the church, to medicine, and, though to lesser degree, to politics. In politics in Canada, as elsewhere, rewards come to those who "do things"—the word "do" being here used in the large sense—but for the very reason that Canadian young men are rarely permitted to do things even in politics, being kept in their "proper place" by their lordly elders, any political rewards that come to young men are few and far between. There are no young men leaders. In politics, it may be ventured, there is scarcely a man of prominence who is not well on to sixty years of age; in law, with one or two exceptions, the same statement will hold true; while in business it assuredly is true. Indeed, one may well wonder if Dr. Osler was not taking a sly dig at his former countrymen and hinting to them that the young men there be given a chance when he made his now celebrated dictum that a man's best work is done before forty. In Canada, however, it certainly is not done, and for the simple reason, already explained, that the young man has not a chance. Seeing this, the observant young man, when he is old enough properly to observe, promptly shakes the dust of the country off his shoes and gets him to the United States, where a man may be a man before his Canadian time.

Now why is this? Her people are of the same color, the same blood, and the same temperament as the people of the United States; why, then, should there be this difference? The answer is simple. The people are of the same color, but they are differently constituted. Canada, in short, is a hybrid land. Her people are Canadians and yet not Canadians; they are free and yet not free. To this very day there is really little Canadianism in the Dominion; there is really no such thing as a true Canadian spirit. The people are in the land, yet too many of them are not of it. In Quebec there are Frenchmen first, Canadians afterward; in the other provinces they are Britishers first, Canadians afterward. They come to

the land and settle there, but they do not, as settlers do in the United States, forthwith prepare to become a part of the country and its institutions. Thus we see on Nelson or Trafalgar Day a formal protest from the French people in Canada against Canada joining in the celebration. If they are Britishers, they will always be Britishers, willing even to sacrifice Canada to the "Mother" land whenever the interests of the latter seem to need or demand it, whether in framing a tariff favorable to British goods and against Americans or in submitting to what manifestly is an unfair treaty award made by British members. Thus when the South African war broke out Canada sent her men to the front and they fought a good fight—for which they received their pay, after much bickering and red tape, many months afterward. Loyalty—and loyalty! It is the very recognition of this undoubtedly that prompted Mr. Deakin's remark at the Colonial Conference that the Colonial Office is further from the colonies than the colonies from the Colonial Office.

Several things follow from this. One is that Canada, with the exception of Quebec (which is French), being much more British than Canadian, holds largely to British ideas. Hence we see in Canada the same reverence as in England for name and for family, though the family be degenerate and the name almost a laughing-stock; hence in Canada, as in England, the lines of social cleavage are great, and tradespeople are still tradespeople and artisans still artisans, however successful and brilliant and brainy they may be; and hence, handicapped as any young man is by the mere fact of his youth, the poor young man who has no "family" is hopelessly and almost forever doomed not only in a business, but also in a social way. The stream, the "familiar people" will tell you, cannot rise higher than its source. And yet if in the end the young man should perchance make a name for himself, and success and fortune—if he make them it would almost inevitably be elsewhere than in Canada—these same people would be the first to bow down to him. For in Canada, and here it differs from England, they worship money as they do not in England. The explanation for this may be found in the fact that Canada is a poor country, with few rich men and that for that reason, as in any new country, wealth plays a much more important part than in the older land.

It follows further from this, that her political and fiscal policies are shaped rather along lines of sentiment than along lines of reason and good sense. It is this that explains the ever-present wish in Canada to draw the bonds of empire closer, the consuming desire forever to be stretching hands "across the sea," and the almost total disappearance of what at one time promised to develop into a strong desire for annexation with the United States. Out of this in large measure grows such wish as there is in Canada to help Joseph Chamberlain in his policy of "getting together"; out of this has grown the policy of catering to England and her manufacturers by admitting their goods into Canada at a low duty, in the hope of building up a great British-Canadian trade; out of this has sprung the policy not only of neglecting, but also of deliberately fighting the enlargement of trade with Canada's most natural customer and in Canada's best and most accessible market, the United States. Indeed, it is a truth that whereas England and the United States are closer together to-day than they have been in years, there is in Canada a feeling toward the United States, why, one cannot readily explain, of something more than resentment, of something bordering on hostility. Analyzed, this feeling would probably be found to be nothing more than an aggravated attack of jealousy of a peculiar kind—jealousy resulting from the phenomenal growth and prosperity of the United States.

But, it may be asked, what of the Canadian-born who remain in Canada? Will they not in time create a new order of things? Will not a true, liberal Canadian spirit be born through them? Surely they will not be content forever to let prevail in their own land old-foggy British notions which Great Britain herself has outgrown, but which these provincials still cling to!

Mr. Givens sees little ground for hope. The universities in Canada, are, he says, in the hands of profes-

sors from Great Britain who "know nothing of Canada save that it is an adjunct to Great Britain."

Nor, he says, need the newspapers be relied on to do anything. They are infinitely worse than the universities, being all party organs without minds and without voices of their own—with one exception. Mr. Givens makes an exception of The Toronto News. "This," says Mr. Givens, "is the only paper in Canada that even professes to be independent." Of course Mr. Givens is wrong in this as he is wrong in much else that he writes.

He concludes as follows: "Canada badly needs a rallying cry. That cry should be, not Canada for Great Britain but rather Canada for Canada and Freedom—not necessarily freedom from Great Britain but at least freedom from political servitude and servility, freedom from imported foreign ideas, freedom from red tape that kills, freedom to seek natural markets naturally; best of all freedom for her young men, if they remain in Canada, to do and not to die."

### The Makers.

Oh, the baker's making bread, and the tailor's making clothes, And the gardener's making desert spots to blossom like the rose; The preacher's making sermons on Adam and the fall, The banker's making money—he's the silliest of all— The poet's making poems, but I'm doing better still. For I'm making love to Eloise who dwells upon the hill.

The silly folks are passing by; they're going up and down; Their heads and tongues are wagging fast, their clamor fills the town. "Why don't you make a living now? Why don't you make a name?" Oh, silly folks, to think that you could e'er be known to fame! You'll lie forgotten while my name will be remembered still. For making love to Eloise who dwells upon the hill.

The silly folks are hurrying by—the baker, the tailor man, The gardener who rakes the earth and fills the watering-can, The poet who was once so wise, but now he's getting old— Ah! poor, old foolish man who's writing rhymes for gold! You're making wondrous things, no doubt, but I am wiser still, For I'm making love to Eloise who dwells upon the hill.

—Life.

### MUSKOKA WEATHER IS HERE

and the Grand Trunk Railway System, the Pioneer Line, will open the season with their new service promptly on Saturday, June 15th, as previously announced, and there will be no postponement. The favorite route will continue to be along the shore of Lake Simcoe and Couchiching to Muskoka Wharf, the starting point of the Muskoka fleet. The Muskoka Wharf has been extended and widened, enabling trains and steamers to be handled better than ever. Next Saturday train will leave Toronto 11.45 a. m. with cafe parlor car, buffet parlor car and handsome coaches, reaching Muskoka Wharf 3.05 p. m. and Huntsville (Lake of Bays), at 4.50 p. m. and direct connection will be made at Muskoka Wharf for points on Lake Muskoka, Rosseau and Lake Joseph, and at Huntsville for all points on Lake of Bays. There will also be attached a Pullman parlor car for Penetang, arriving there 2.45 p. m. Commencing Monday, June 17th, the Toronto section of the Muskoka Express will leave Toronto 11.20 a. m., arriving at Muskoka Wharf 2.55 p. m. This train will be composed of beautiful coaches and buffet parlor cars. A La Carte service. Midnight service with sleeper goes into effect the night of June 28th. Tourist tickets allowing stop-over now on sale, and Saturday to Monday tickets at very low rates should be obtained and reservations made at City Office, northwest corner King and Yonge Streets. C. E. Horning, Agent, or address J. D. McDonald, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

"How do you like this play, my dear?" "It is absurd, absolutely foolish. There are supposed to be three months intervening between the first act and the second, and here the heroine is wearing the same gown now that she wore in the first act!"—Rire.

"I don't think that man is much of a conversationalist." "He isn't. He came to dinner with me the other day and for two hours, during the whole meal, in fact, he didn't open his mouth once."—Rire.

Roberts—Poor Williams died and left a wife and three children. Jones—That's nothing. He was too mean to take them anywhere when he was living.—Life.

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#### THEIR HAIR

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## Lady Gay's Column

WHAT quality is most desirable in a friend? asks a letter to this column. Above all qualities I place loyalty, because I see so precious little of it in this world of pretense at friendship. Lots of pleasant people, lots of pleasant talk, all the nickels one can ask for, but only now and then pure gold. Loyalty is the very essence and marrow of real friendship, and though it is often pushed aside and put behind the door by effusive, fussy and debonair pretenders, it never loses its great value, nor is shorn of its dignity and beauty. The loyal friend shields your honor as his own, conserves your confidences with reticence inviolate, is really glad at your gladness and sad at your sadness, for this sort of man is so bound to his friend that what is joy for one is reflected joy for the other, and the blow that smites you glances off and wounds your friend. Loyalty is a quality, not an assertion, and the loyal friend is God's good gift to man. If one falls into deep waters, the loyal friend doesn't wait to see how one comes out, but plunges in with a good bit of corkwood, cheery words, brave prophecies, warm hand clasps and the smile that lifts the soul. His brains and strength and other resources are actively working, and oh! the glow his loyalty sends into the discouraged or frightened or stunned one! It may be that no such obvious opportunity offers to prove his worth and mettle, but there never was a life so shielded and successful that at one time or another it did not need just that quality of loyalty in its friendships. It is so noble, so precious, so inspiring, that even when with it goes no material aid, or the power to help bear burdens in some struggle against adverse luck, even then, there is nothing more heartening, more invigorating, more excellent to the man battling for some great deliverance than the knowledge that he possesses even one utterly loyal friend.

Sometimes, happily, the man's wife is his most loyal friend. I heard a man of note, who had just waded out of a slough of trouble, say frankly: "I'd never have pulled through but for my wife. God bless her!" It is not always thus in the matrimonial lottery any more than elsewhere. The other day I was talking with a very reticent person about a friend who was in what is called "financial trouble." "He will come around all right," said the reticent man quietly, "for he's absolutely square and decent. I have known him all my life, and I know what I am talking about." It happened that a third person overheard his assertion and bestirred himself and his money to give that man's friend such assistance that he "came through all right" in double quick time. When he did so, he said: "I am taking this interest on account of

#### BAD DREAMS.

#### CAUSED BY COFFEE.

"I have been a coffee drinker, more or less, ever since I can remember, until a few months ago I became more and more nervous and irritable, and finally I could not sleep at night for I was horribly disturbed by dreams of all sorts and a species of distressing nightmare.

"Finally, after hearing the experience of numbers of friends who had quit coffee and gone to drinking Postum Food Coffee, and learning of the great benefits they had derived, I concluded coffee must be the cause of my trouble, so I got some Postum and had it made strictly according to directions.

"I was astonished at the flavor. It entirely took the place of coffee, and to my very great satisfaction, I began to sleep peacefully and sweetly. My nerves improved, and I wish I could warn every man, woman and child from the unwholesome drug (caffeine) in ordinary coffee.

"People really do not appreciate or realize what a powerful drug it is and what terrible effect it has on the human system. I would never think of going back to coffee again. I would almost as soon think of putting my hand in a fire after I had once been burned.

"A young lady friend of ours, had stomach trouble for a long time, and could not get well as long as she used coffee. She finally quit it and began the use of Postum and is now perfectly well." "There's a Reason." Read the little "Health Classic," "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

a remark made of you by Mr. —. You are to be congratulated, sir, on such a loyal friend. I'd be glad to have one of that sort." If you wish to know how rare that sort is, just listen to the remarks upon some unfortunate who has gone under. I have a holy joy in knowing of more than one case when such remarks were caught by alert ears, makers had in due time to swallow their criticisms in a witness box, with perjury in the offing. It's a good sharp lesson that never does any harm, and should "hold them for awhile." Yes, the loyal friend isn't common, and that's why, perhaps, the quality of loyalty seems to me the most worthy and indispensable.

Two noted old men died in Cambridge, England, the other day. The one, Professor Alfred Newton, was champion of the feathered creation and the great authority on birds; the other, Dr. Edward J. Routh, was born in Quebec seventy-six years ago, and became later on one of the most successful tutors and mathematical coaches ever known. Twenty-seven of his students became senior wranglers in the wise old town by the Cam. Dr. Newton, profanely nicknamed "Mother Carey's Chicken," was one of the brightest and most humane of men, who did more for the preservation of bird-life in his time than had ever been done in all the ages. Dr. Routh was two years younger than Professor Newton, who had begun his seventy-ninth year. Reading of the passing of these two old men brought back an hour in Cambridge which I never think of without a smile. It had rained and cleared to an exquisite midsummer sunset, and after a beautiful half hour in a chapel bathed in dim religious light (where a perfect choir sang evensong, unaccompanied, and the lofty carved ceiling and delicate arches and tall narrow stained windows trembled to the magnificent organ-playing of a master of his art, as we stole silently out after the choristers), we strolled into "the wilderness," as a bit of wild woodland in one of the college grounds is called. The wilderness is entered by a gate, kept locked, and of which the "fellows" have each a key, and is securely fenced about. A party of college men with some friends were in the wilderness, and had left the gate open, so we passed in, and went away under the soft shade of an ideal prowl. Returning in the exquisite twilight to the gate we found ourselves locked in, and when my guide felt for his key, lo! he had it at home! It was quiet time o' year, and late time o' day for anyone to be likely to come to our rescue. To climb the gate was promptly voted quite a dreadful idea, though I, having little fear of English Grundy, boldly offered to do so. The end came in such a truly Cambridge way! Out of the gloaming hurried one of the hosts of the party we had met, apologizing and begging forgiveness for not having made sure my guide had a key with him. "I'd got quite home before the thought occurred to me that I should not have locked the gate," he said, fussing with the fastening, "and I do hope you weren't detained very long. I am so very sorry." Who my guide was you may guess. He was of some consequence, at all events, to have brought back a professor a mile or so in such perturbation.

We've been having no end of fun practising Orientalisms this week, getting limbered up to meet Japanese royalty! "Had we better salaam?" said one. "Oh, no; just put your hand over your heart and make three little bows," said another. "And shout 'Banza!'?" said the irrepressible. "You'll be put out if you do, there are always huge policemen about Government House," remarked the chaperone warningly. "And whenever you feel like talking to the Prince just remark 'Arimas,' and you'll be all right," said the man who has been there. "If I were you, I'd make up to Major Agashi," he continued. I was with him in India. He's a rare good sort. I'll write you out some little sentences to say to him." But we were wary of the man who has been there, and would not learn his little sentences, for he was going out of town next day, and while he made his offer, I liked me not the twinkle in his weather eye.

#### LADY GAY.

Bishop Brewster, of Connecticut, tells of an old reprobate who decided to repent, and announced to every one that whatever wrong he had done should be made right. So a man whom he had cheated out of a large sum of money went around at midnight to demand it. "But what did you come at this hour for, and wake me up? Why not wait till tomorrow?" said the old sinner, crossly. "I came now," replied the man, "to avoid the rush."—Argonaut.



The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps, or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupon are not studied.

Hope.—I don't think it at all likely you have missed your calling, but you are not quite snappy and practical enough to do it full justice. It's the power of the age, this early guiding and developing of the children in the best way. There are so many bad ways, too! Please don't even think any little boy is like the man you mention. Poor wee thing, that seems to me such a misfortune, but then you may not know the bundle of nerves! You, like Patsy R., have a good deal of growth coming to you. My love to both of you.

England.—Your letter arrived while I was out of town, convalescing, and has been overlooked. I cannot read your signature, so could not reply to you privately, but regarding the position you seek, you had better advertise at once, if you still desire it. The season is getting on, most of my friends have already made their places. I should be pleased to give you a short while, if you are in town and telephone making an appointment, but haven't any definite project in view for you. Should I hear of any lone lady who would like a travelling companion (for expenses) I shall let you know through this column. I do not recall another letter. This one is dated the latter part of last month.

The other Unknown.—A strongly conservative, nervously, emphatic and tenacious person. Writer loves power and would be a bit of a martinet if she had it. It isn't a buoyant nature, rather given to self-depreciation, impatient and at the same time careful of detail and conscientious in action. It is a capable and worthy hand, the reliable, discreet and well controlled sort, with ambition and ability, but a lack of scope initiative and enterprise. Writer would have nice taste, refined feeling and a good amount of culture.

Brownie Brown.—Cancer, the Crab, rules from June 21 to July 22. It is called the paradox of the twelve signs. A few harmonious people are found in it, unprogressive and inert in matters of mental and spiritual development. Fine scholars and good speakers are found among Cancer folk, also an aptitude for study and novel subjects. Cancer people are not particularly artistic, but the women have often great love of display and will frequently sacrifice principle to gratify it. They have mechanical minds and great vanity. The Cancer women should cultivate constancy, modesty in apparel and ornament and personal self-denial to overcome the lazy, selfish, avaricious and vain tendencies of this sign. These people are fond of the beautiful and artistic, are very neat and expect others to be so, kind, devoted and efficient nurses and friends. Your writing is undeveloped and would be better laid aside awhile before dissection.

Betty Ellis.—So sorry you've had to wait such a time for your answer. I do sometimes send a study astray unwittingly. Your very interesting writing is strongly attractive and suggestive of many charms of which variety is perhaps the greatest. You have a many-sided nature, quickly observant, warmly affectionate, somewhat speculative, with enterprise and concentration admirably balanced, and a finality and decision which is unusual and valuable. You could govern others, tactfully, and are self-controlled, though quite sensitive. A great sense of values, and harmony, and general fitness is shown with easy play of fancy and bright mentality. For a Cancer child you are particularly fortunate in your development. For a few of its lower possibilities see answer to Brownie Brown. Scopia and Cancer are of the same element—not mutually inspiring. (Second letter).

Jinny Carvel.—Illegible? Why it's like a child's copy book. October 7 brings you under Libra, a sign producing clever and original people, but judging your development by your writing, you are yet too young to do it much credit. The labored lines you send are not without character, but it's yet in the making. You have clear, sensible, and cautious expression but oh! Jinny Carvel, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children would jail me if I really dissected your study.

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## SOCIETY

ON Thursday evening at 6.30 p. m. a wedding took place at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Fleming, Markham, when Mr. Horace T. Hunter, son of Mr. W. D. Hunter, of Toronto, was married to Miss Christine, daughter of Mrs. Innis Fleming. The house was most artistically decorated with wedding bells, apple blossoms and palms. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Wm. Grant, M.A., the bridal party standing beneath a floral bell. To the strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March, played by Miss Elma Welsh, of Markham, the bride entered the drawing-room with her mother, by whom she was given away. The bride wore an exquisite imported gown of Irish lace mounted on chiffon and Duchess satin, and carried a fan bouquet of lily of the valley. She was attended by Miss Margaret Macdonald, as maid of honor, who wore a lace dress over chiffon and taffeta, and Miss Ida T. Hunter, sister of the bridegroom, who wore a heliotrope embroidered silk voile over taffeta, both wearing Dresden sashes arranged in Empire style, and carrying fan bouquets of pink sweet peas. The flower girl, Innis Macdonald, the pretty little niece of the bride, was in a dress of pleated batiste over pink silk, and carried a basket of pink sweet peas. The best man was Mr. D. B. Gillies, B.A., of Toronto, and Mr. F. O. Megan, B.A., of Toronto, and Mr. R. A. Fleming, brother of the bride, were ushers. Mrs. Fleming, mother of the bride, wore a handsome black lace gown over silk, with touches of white, and Mrs. Hunter, mother of the bridegroom, was handsomely gowned in a black silk embroidered net over silk, with touches of white. The bridegroom's gift to the bride was a handsome ring of diamonds and pearls, and to the bridesmaids carved bracelets. The favors to the groomsmen were cuff links set with pearls, and to the ushers pearl pins. Mr. and Mrs. Hunter left on the evening train for a tour of the Southern States.

Mrs. George Dickson, of St. Margaret's School, New York, will be in the city for a few weeks.

The engagement is announced of Miss Teresa B. Franklin, daughter of the late Edward Franklin, and Mr. John A. Burns of Chicago.

The marriage of Miss Mary Dodds, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Dodds, 24 Cowan avenue, and Mr. James Muir Gouinlock, will take place quietly on Tuesday, June 18.

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. McKinnon returned on Tuesday last after a four months' absence in England.

The marriage of Katherine (Kate), eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Meyer and Mr. M. Starr Benson, only son of Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Manly Benson, of Perth, Ont., will take place at the residence of the bride's parents on Saturday, June the twenty-second.

Miss Miln, 40 Division street, sailed on the Tunisian from Montreal yesterday to spend the summer with relatives in Scotland.

Mr. Justice and Mrs. Riddell and Mr. and Mrs. James are to spend the vacation in Alaska.

Mrs. H. Campbell Osborne is home from England.

Lady Pellatt gave a tea at Casa Loma on Thursday.

Mrs. James Henderson gave a small tea on Tuesday for Miss Chase of Newport.

The death of Mr. John Waldie on Wednesday, after a short illness, was deeply regretted by all. Glenhurst has lost an honored head, and Toronto a wise and estimable business man.

Miss Rosa Bradnee, Miss Wreyford and Miss Dorothy Wreyford sailed from Montreal on Saturday last for three months' visit to England.

The military dance will take place in the Casino, Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake, on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Beaumont Jarvis has returned from Gravenhurst and is staying with her mother, Mrs. Hamilton, in Glen road, Rosedale.

### VISIT OF THE JAPANESE PRINCE.

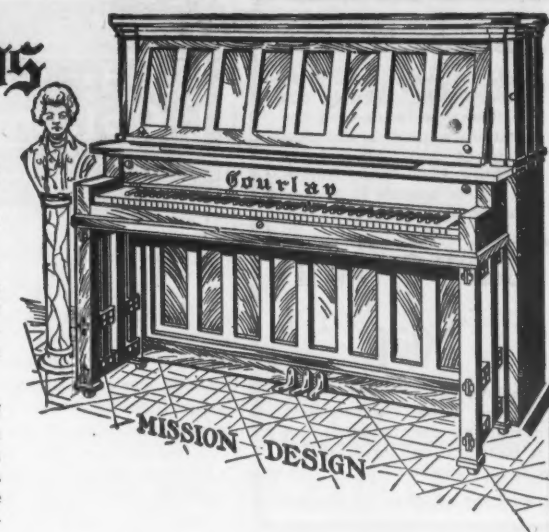
The visit to our city of Prince Fushimi recalls the great interest His Royal Highness took in the Canadian exhibit at the world's fair held in Tokio, Japan, several years ago.

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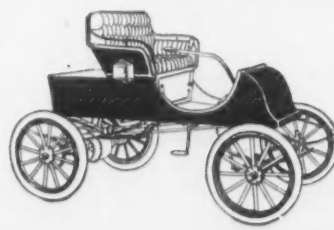
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It needed not the announcement on the fifteen cent programmes of the "Jappyland" entertainment given at the Princess Theatre on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings that the affair was presented by the "American" Amusement Company of New York. The organizers of amusements who hail from the other side of the border are very clever in tacking on their enterprises to some local charity and working the benevolence influence for all it is worth. "Jappyland" was not an operatic extravaganza as advertised, but a series of dances by children followed by excerpts from the Mikado and San Toy sung by grown up people. The first part was interesting simply because the dances were done by tots of various sizes, who hopped around the stage, and turned and turned, and posed to the great amusement of the audience who seemed to find immense fun in the earnest efforts of a diminutive child to keep in step and who was often dragged through the "mazes" of the dances by her bigger associates. The cleverest turn was that of Miss Dorothy Hunnell of Montreal who gave several solo dances with great skill and spirit. Miss May Perry contributed a Spanish dance with some grace, Miss Maude Bigwood and Mr. Arthur Brown appeared in a scene called "The Goo-Goo Man and Fairy Tales," Bert Harvey was characteristic as the principal in "The Ghost's dance and chorus," Miss Helen Boisseau made a great hit as solo singer in the "Scene of the Cordalinas," and other specialties were well performed by Miss Davis, Charles Reiner and Miss Amanda Reinhardt. A double Gainsborough octette took the fancy of the audience. The excerpts from the "Mikado" as sung by Hamilton Macauley, Miss Kate Tough, Miss Grace Merry, Miss Reinhardt, Miss Pearl Brock, Harry Roddis, William Flavell, Frank Fulton and Miss Beatrice Lillie, were the most enjoyable features of the evening. Sullivan's tuneful music exerting its old charm and being most welcome after having been on the shelf for so long. The entertainment was exploited for the benefit of the Children's Aid Society.

At the special services which were to be held in All Saints' Church, tomorrow (Sunday), in connection with the 35th anniversary of Canon Baldwin's ministrations as rector of this parish, the music will include the anthems "O Worship the Lord," by Alfred Hollins, and "Arise, O Lord," by Gerard Cobb, Handel's "Hallelujah," will also be sung. Master Wilfred Morrison will be the soloist in the anthems.

Mr. David Ross returned to the city last Tuesday from Milan where he has been studying for some months opera repertoire. Mr. Ross will give a summer course of vocal culture on the old Italian method and will also coach pupils in opera. Mr. Ross has advantageous offers to go to London, England, in the winter, but has not yet decided whether he will leave Toronto. Mr. Ross has come back with a vast amount of information about things operatic, but as he says himself he thinks more of Canada than he ever did before. He told the writer that the fame of the Mendelssohn Choir has reached Italy and that in musical circles there they know all about the success of the choir in New York.

Applications for membership in the Toronto Festival Chorus for the season of 1907-08 are being received every day, and there will be an excellent chorus for next season's work. Applications should be made early in order to ensure a position in the chorus. Applications should be sent to J. F. Tilley, 30 Shuter st.

Dr. Torrington's choir (formerly of the Metropolitan Church) meets for rehearsal every Friday evening at the Toronto College of Music, 12 Pembroke street. Several new members have joined the choir during the past week. On Friday evening last selections from Tannhauser and Lohengrin were taken up. A large attendance is looked for at this week's rehearsal as great interest is taken in the work. All desirous of joining the choir are asked to apply to Dr. Torrington at the college.

A remarkably fine vocal recital was given on Wednesday evening in St. George's Hall by the pupils of Mrs. Mildred Walker. Those taking part were Miss Hazel Bell, who is rapidly coming to the front as one of the most promising sopranos of the city, Miss Georgie Rogers, a dramatic

soprano of great talent, Miss Vivian Yearsley and Gertrude Mallory, young singers who made their first appearance most successfully and received great applause, and Mrs. Wm. Stephenson, the possessor of a fine contralto voice. Miss Helen Lemon, the Misses Lalliberti and Miss Mae Smith, pupils from Mrs. Walker's Hamilton class. All showed uncommon talent. The gentlemen taking part were, Mr. Van Zant who scored a great success, Mr. Nancekivell, who sang with his accustomed finish, and Messrs. Ives, Armstrong and Taylor, who were all very happy in their selections. Mrs. Walker played all the accompaniments in her usual satisfactory manner.

How times have changed in regard to the attitude of musicians toward what used to be supposed to be "traditions"! Weingartner has written a whole book on the liberties he thinks a modern conductor must take in interpreting Beethoven; and quite recently Nikisch has expressed himself lucidly on this subject. The following is an excerpt from his remarks, as translated for The Musical Courier:

The modern conductor is justified, nay, often compelled to depart from Beethoven's directions in regard to tempi and expression in order to bring out the real intentions of the master. If one were, for instance, to conduct the first movement of the "Ninth" symphony following his directions exactly, then this glorious music would be made unbearable. The conductor must probe deeply into the spirit of the work and build it up, as it were, anew. The modern conductor is a recreator, herein lies the independence and the productive character of his art, and for that reason the individuality of an orchestra leader plays such an eminent role to-day. Contemporary composers comprehend this thoroughly. Once when I was conducting a symphony of Brahms in his presence at Leipzig, the master at first could not get over his surprise; indeed, he became quite nervous, and called out again and again: "Is that possible; did I really compose that?" At the conclusion, however, he came to me with joy in his face and said: "You do it all quite differently, but you are right—it must be so."

Among the younger French composers who are coming to the front is Maurice Ravel, who was born in 1875. Aside from his achievements as a composer, he acquired sudden notoriety on account of an undeserved rebuff he received in the competition for the Prix de Rome in 1905. Although well known for certain piano pieces, and especially for his ultra-original string quartet (1902-1903) he was summarily excluded at the preliminary trial, owing to undisguised favoritism. This discrimination aroused such a scandal that it led indirectly to the resignation of Theodore Dubois as director of the conservatory and the subsequent appointment of Gabriel Faure to fill his place. In the June Musician Mr. Edward Burlingame Hill, who is always on the lookout for new composers, gives an interesting glimpse of some of Ravel's works. He is but on the threshold of his career, Mr. Hill remarks, but "in view of the fact that he is now at work on an opera for which Hauptmann's 'The Sunken Bell' has furnished the text, the recalling the consummate originality of his string quartet, the exotic imaginativeness of the 'Scheherazade' poems, the adroit characterization of 'The Toys' Christmas,' the vital poetry, true impressionism, and dramatic force of the 'Miroirs,' his essential fitness for the task would seem obvious." Concerning the best known of Ravel's pieces, his "Jeux d'eau," Mr. Hill says:

While it is not so markedly individual as some of his later piano music, it is sufficiently characteristic to be typical. It bears a motto from a poem by Henri de Regnier, "The river-god laughing at the caresses of the water," as a commentary on the underlying mood of the piece. It is light-hearted, gently ironic music, slightly rhapsodic in development, yet eminently coherent and logical. The piano style is sparklingly liquid and rippling, with a nonchalant and gracious undercurrent of poetic feeling. An episodic phrase in the Chinese scale is adroitly harmonized so as to admit an accompaniment figure of major seconds in triplets most trying to un-independent fingers; later it appears in a sequence of chords of the ninth. There are volatile cadenzas which are traps for the unwary, but the piece ends smilingly and tranquilly with a tonic pedal on a major seventh chord which does not resolve—an en-

igma which is so elusively poetic as not to need a solution.

There are in New York certain hotels favored by musicians; but none, perhaps, to the excruciating extent of the Leipsic hotel referred to in a sixty-year-old number of the Signale:

The Bayerischer Hof is veritably an artists' hotel. A few days ago a very unusual concert might have been heard there. Vivier vociferously blew, in four parts, his chromatic horn, letting off round and square soap bubbles. Next door the Italian soprano Pergetti sang "Di tanti palpiti." In a room further on the amiable French lady Lisa Christiani played a trio for three cellos on one cello. Opposite one heard the inspired troubadour, Rudolph Willmers, playing on a grand pianoforte, with English mechanism, and grappling with his "Tarantella furiosa," in the adjoining room Signora Albion sang the drinking song from "Lucrezia Borgia," with champagne accompaniment of the best brands; and through all this cacophony might be heard the voice of Miss Helen Dolby solemnly singing "God Save the Queen."

The Jew in music is discussed in the Contemporary Review by Miss A. E. Keeton; she says, among other things:

The more enlightened and cultured Jew has invariably striven to nationalize himself, and at each stage in his advancement he has endeavored to eradicate all that could stamp him as the son of a separate people. He can equally well, and with astonishing facility, become French, German, English, Russian, and in the same manner Jewish musicians will be found to belong closely to the country in which they were born, or have happened to live longest. Meyerbeer established French grand opera upon the lines which it still follows. Offenbach bequeathed to the Parisians an essentially French basis of opera. No cultivated listener would ever mistake the music of Saint-Saens for any other than French nationality. Mendelssohn wrote oratorios most closely in sympathy with the ultra-Protestant phases of the Christian Church. . . . Rubinstein, although in theory he constantly inveighed against any barrier of nationality in art, nevertheless produced much music far more easily appreciated by Russian than by foreign audiences. It was also, thanks to his untiring sense of patriotism, that the musical stature of Russia rapidly grew to, and has in some respects out-distanced, the art standards of Germany.

Miss Ethel Shepherd, who has had a splendid teaching season, leaves for Paris on Tuesday next for her summer trip and may resume her studies with Jean de Reske. Miss Shepherd will return to Toronto in the fall.

Master Harold Geikie Jarvis, the young son of the popular tenor, Harold Jarvis, has, from all accounts, been distinguishing himself in Germany, where he has been pursuing his musical studies under Mr. Harry M. Field. The Dresden Daily speaks of a recent public performance in Dresden as follows: "Master Harold Jarvis, only twelve years of age, played four numbers, Chant Polonois, by Liszt; Prelude in C sharp minor, Rachmaninoff; Etude by Schult, and Prelude in G minor, Chopin. He showed wonderful talent and excellent training. His performance augured well for a brilliant future."

"It is to be hoped," says The London Telegraph, "that the musical historian of the future will not be deceived into imagining the once ubiquitous tune, 'Funiculi Funicula,' to be a genuine Neapolitan folk-song. In spite of Richard Strauss' introduction of it as such into his suite 'Aus Italien,' and now Dr. Ertel's use of it in the symphonic work entitled 'Pompeii,' recently produced in Berlin, the tune was written by L. Denza, a composer well known in England, in 1880, for the popular Piedigrotta festa on the occasion of the opening of the funicular railway up Vesuvius. It is what the folk-song controversialists know, therefore, as an art-song."

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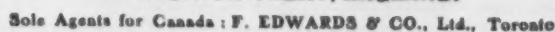
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## TIMELY AUTO TOPICS

Current Gossip on Matters of Interest to Motorists.

WHAT may perhaps be regarded as the most adventurous journey ever attempted in an automobile on the Pacific Coast is now on, a party of venturesome Vancouver auto enthusiasts having started for a trip entirely circling Vancouver Island, through—or over—every natural obstacle and a record-breaking run between different towns on the trip where records have been established. The party was composed of Mr. Robinson of Vancouver and a party of his friends.

Leaving Vancouver last week on the Princess Victoria the party passed through Victoria and then north on their long trip, says the Province. There is a record established between Victoria and Nanaimo which the tourists have promised to shatter, but this, if achieved, will be the first notable incident of a notable journey. There are several other towns to the north of Nanaimo and there also attempts will be made to pull down the old records and tack up new ones in their places. It will not be until the big auto is far north of Nanaimo, however, that the real trip will commence. Until they are some distance north they will only be travelling over beaten roads, but when the wilderness is reached, most of it but little trodden, the troubles of the motorists will commence.

General Otter advocates the organization of an Ontario Motor Corps in connection with the militia service. The general has an officer in England now securing information regarding the British Motor Corps, after which it is proposed to model the Ontario Corps. The principle of the organization will be similar to the cavalry regiments, owners receiving remuneration for the use of their cars.

Mr. E. M. Wilcox, secretary of the Ontario Motor League, in speaking of the proposal, said that it was found very useful in England, the motor cycle branch being especially useful in carrying despatches from place to place. It is a novel idea for Canada. As soon as information is received from England the organization will likely be made.

Nearly 100,000 vehicles of all sorts enter and leave London every day; hence it is calculated that 22,481 pass the Bank of England in a day of twelve hours. Remembering that the great majority of these vans, carts, buses, etc., are drawn by horses, some idea of the necessity of constant care in the cleansing of the streets is obtainable. In the year just closed Mr. Frank Summer, the city engineer, says that 83,442 van-loads of dust and refuse were removed from the area under the control of the Guildhall authorities. Sixty-one million gallons of water at sixpence per 1,000 gallons were used in the process of cleansing the streets. No fewer than 727 persons are engaged in the work, while six motor-vans are included in the vehicles that convey the refuse to the destructors at Lett's wharf. These figures are eloquent with regard to the proportion of the cost of local government occasioned by the present system of traffic. And so far as this one section of London is concerned, the general adoption of the automobile is the only means of lessening the expense—by removing the cause of the refuse of the streets. In the Champs Elysees the Paris police give the automobile the centre of the road, which, as a result, is always clean, the slow-going, horse-drawn vehicles using both sides of the road, which are always dirty. Truly, a moving example of gasoline vs. oats.

Walking canes are not being sold in England in nearly such large quantities as formerly, and of course many people see the reason for this in the growing popularity of automobile-billing. It appears somewhat unfair, however, to attribute the depressed state of the walking stick market to the motor-car. Most men I know possessing motors own walking sticks as well, and I do not believe that any amount of motor car indulgence can induce a dislike for walking canes. Indeed, if all we hear of motors as an aid to obesity is true, the confirmed motorist must need a couple of sticks of a serviceable description with which to support him to his car. But there is nothing remarkable in all this; the motorist is becoming thoroughly hardened to such charges. He knows very well that when any new calamity threatens the country it is pretty certain to be worked back against a harmless piece of machinery.

The great auto race from Pekin to Paris was commenced on Monday.

All the competing cars are loaded with a cargo of small bamboo rods, ropes and light pulleys; in fact these automobiles are supplied with the complete equipment of an Alpinist who is about to make an ascent of many thousands of feet.

The race will practically be a climb over mountains and through almost impassable passes. The cars will sometimes be pushed and dragged by men and mules and in some places will have to be completely raised from the ground and carried on the shoulders of army coolies.

Twenty miles from Pekin the difficulties begin. After the cars go through the Nakon Pass there will be more than 150 miles of difficult mountains, and after the Mongolian frontier is passed the infinite plain of the Gobi Desert will be entered. A service of coolies and patrol supply stations is now being organized.

The Italia car, which will be driven by Prince Scipio Borghese, has a capacious reservoir with sufficient petrol to carry it over 600 miles, twenty pounds of personal baggage, ten gallons of water, a tent and provisions for several days.

Among the gravest difficulties encountered at the start was the hostility of the Chinese Government. Writing on this point one of the starters said:

"During the last few days negotiations have been proceeding between European diplomatists and the Chinese Government. All this would afford material for an excellent comedy. The dear old mandarins cannot get it out of their heads that we are nourishing unspeakable political designs on their country. They believe that we are engineers disguised as tourists who have been ordered by the European Governments to make secret plans for some new diabolical railway system without wheels and that Mongolia is to be completely devoured. For this reason they refuse us passports and all personal permits to circulate in Pekin unless the motors are drawn by mules. This audacious attempt to make a colossal journey is not of sufficient interest to the Chinese to awaken them from their magnificent, contemptuous indifference. As formerly the railway did, so now the automobile passes among a strange people without arousing them for one moment from their superb immobility. But it seems that the Government is giving way and we are expecting to receive passports."

## A Desideratum.

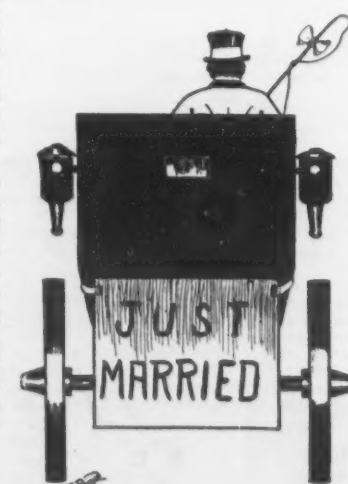
All hail to thee, millennium!  
The time for which we long,  
When scientists will make things hum  
And weakness will grow strong.  
Maybe that lectures then will cease  
And cash no longer roll  
Into the coffers of the fakes—  
When Peary finds the pole!

They say up there there's nothing much,  
(And we believe it, too),  
And yet we yield to Peary's touch—  
The man who's never through.  
A farewell visit every year  
He pays. We pay the toll.  
But maybe this will all be changed  
When Peary finds the pole.

Maybe that he will stay up there,  
In silence quite remote,  
And live on simple arctic fare  
(Each night a table d'hôte).  
If we could be convinced of this  
More cash we'll gladly dole,  
It being firmly understood,  
That he'll stay at the pole.

—Life.

At luncheon with the President the other day, informally, were Ambassador Bryce and Ben Daniel, an old western friend, now United States Marshal of Arizona. The President said: "Mr. Ambassador, allow me to present to you my friend Ben Daniel, of whom I am genuinely proud." Ben is reported to have said, as he thereupon grasped the Ambassador's hand: "The President ain't no prouder of me than I am of him."—Buffalo Commercial.



A "Union Label."—Life.

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## Her Age.

What does it matter about her age, since her smile is glad and her face is fair?

Her sisters jealously say she is old; perhaps she is guilty—I do not care;

She has all the glee that a girl should claim; I am glad when her praise is given to me;

Her heart is the heart of a joyous girl—I do not ask what her age may be.

Women who long ago forgot that speech was given to spread delight,

Who have ceased to know that the world is not a sphere immersed in eternal night,

Scold in corners and darkly frown because young gladness her bosom fills,

Because she doesn't sit sadly down and gravely grumble about her ills.

She has never hidden with cunning hands the silvery strands in her glossy hair.

And she does not sit with a gloomy look because she knows they are gleaming there;

The lines that show on her brow are not the lines that profitless fretting brings,

Her days are spent in the joyful task of finding the pleasing, cheering things.

What does it matter about her years, since her smile is glad and her hopes are high?

She wastes no moments in foolish tears, she has no time for a bitter sigh;

Why should we care how old she may be as long as the heart in her breast is young,

As long as she laughs with a glad girl's glee, and forms no words with a spiteful tongue?

—Sam Kiser.

Mr. Louis Brennan, whose gyroscope train seems to be the nearest approach to a flying machine yet invented, is an Irishman by birth. As a very young man he emigrated to Australia, and obtained a place in a department store at Melbourne.

The proprietor received a large consignment of clocks from England, and found that they had been damaged in transit. Young Brennan showed mechanical aptitude for the first time by setting them right.

From clocks he advanced (by stages) to torpedoes, and had the supreme good luck to sell the Brennan torpedo to the British government for £120,000. Vast sums of money were spent on its manufacture, and then, in the autumn of last year, the Government decided to close the Brennan torpedo factory at Gillingham, from which it has been assumed that its day is past.—London Star.

"When ex-Governor Pennypacker was still a judge," said a Philadelphia reporter, "he showed me in his uptown house his superb collection of old newspapers. As he turned those faded pages I said: 'Do you think, sir, that our newspapers have improved?' He smiled, his eyes twinkled, and he answered: 'They have grown larger.'"—Argonaut.

"Mama," said little Elsie, "do men ever go to heaven?"

"Why, of course, my dear. What makes you ask?"

"Because I never see any pictures of angels with whiskers."

"Well," said the mother, thoughtfully, "some men do go to heaven, but they get there by a close shave."

—San Francisco Monitor.

## AN OLD EDITOR

FOUND \$2,000 WORTH OF FOOD.

The editor of a paper out in Okla., said: "Yes, it is true when I got hold of Grape-Nuts food, it was worth more than a \$2,000 doctor bill to me, for it made me a well man. I have gained 25 pounds in weight,



Perhaps you want to run down town to do an hour's shopping, or leave the house for several hours, but have no one to watch the fire. You don't need anyone, and you don't need to worry while away if you own a

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# The Sovereign Bank

## ANNUAL REPORT.

The Fifth Annual Meeting of the Sovereign Bank of Canada was held at the Head Office of the Bank, 28 King Street West, Toronto, on Tuesday, 11th day of June, 1907, at 12 o'clock noon.

The following were present:—Aemilius Jarvis, Randolph Macdonald, Donald McMillan, Arch. Campbell, M.P.; W. J. Baskerville, Ottawa; John Gorman, Ottawa; W. J. Ard, South River; John Moore, Mount Albert; J. S. Dougherty, Stouffville; H. F. McNaughton, Toronto; George A. Begy, St. Catharines; H. J. Malloy, Stouffville; E. A. Westland, Wyoming; N. W. Blackwell, Toronto; H. H. Beck, Toronto; R. E. Cox, Montreal; A. C. Macdonell, Toronto; C. E. A. Goldman, Toronto; W. J. Boland, Toronto; Stanley Mills, Hamilton; Thomas Baker, London; R. P. Coulson, Stouffville; David Smith, Toronto; David Herring, Toronto; Alex. Bruce, K.C., Toronto; Richard Brown, Toronto; C. B. McNaughton, Toronto; J. T. Petrie, St. Catharines; Geo. Barnes, St. Catharines; A. McEdward, St. Catharines; M. A. Thomas, Toronto; James Hawken, Toronto; R. E. Culbert, Linwood; Geo. Collard, Stouffville; John McLean, Thorold; Bannison Pinder, St. Catharines; F. Bullivant, St. Catharines; L. M. Schenck, St. Catharines; W. Tisdale, Toronto; A. G. Peuchen, Toronto; John Neelands, Toronto; J. G. Heise, Stouffville; A. H. Gregg, Toronto; G. C. Martin, Hamilton; S. Nordheimer, Toronto; John M. Macnab, Claremont; S. M. Warriner, Stouffville; Alex. Hay, Unionville; George C. Phelps, London; George J. Aust, London; William Moir, Hensall; G. S. Burt, Owen Sound; J. P. Raven, Owen Sound; D. W. Heise, Gormley; A. A. Voelker, Berlin; E. Cork, Toronto; W. P. Telfer, Owen Sound; H. Logan, Beaverton; G. N. Reynolds, Toronto; James Lockie, Sr., Zephyr.

It was moved by Mr. Randolph Macdonald that Mr. Aemilius Jarvis take the chair. On taking the chair Mr. Jarvis appointed Mr. Jemmett as Secretary, and Messrs. A. C. Macdonell and R. H. Temple were elected scrutineers. Mr. Jarvis then said:—

### PRESIDENT'S INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

Before asking the Secretary to read the Directors' Report, it seems advisable that I should explain why I am your Chairman to-day. Until very recently I have not been a shareholder in this Bank, except to a very small extent, and I have not in any way been interested in its affairs. Upon my return from England in April last the large foreign interests which held stock in the Bank represented that they were not satisfied with the way in which it was being managed, and they intimated that they would like me to take the active Presidency. It was also stated to me that Mr. Macdonald, your late President, had expressed himself as anxious to be relieved of office, feeling that special attention at the moment was necessary, and that he had not the technical knowledge nor had the time to devote from his business, which takes him away from Toronto for long periods of time, to properly look after the Bank's affairs.

Apart from the dissatisfaction with the management, they stated that the Bank's methods had caused great irritation to the other Canadian Banks, who were in consequence not very friendly towards it, and they felt that owing to my close connection with a number of banking institutions I might be able at the present moment to bring about a better feeling with the other Banks.

My first duty on taking office was to ask the Board to appoint Mr. Jemmett of the C. B. of C. as Joint General Manager, and Mr. Stewart as at once given leave of absence. Subsequently Mr. Stewart sent in his resignation, which has been accepted, and Mr. Jemmett has been appointed General Manager. Mr. Mackenzie, who had already been secured as Inspectors to make a quick report of the Bank's affairs, and from the day on which Mr. Jemmett assumed his duties he, together with myself and the Inspectors, has been continuously engaged in a revaluation of the Bank's entire assets. Had not Mr. Cassels and Mr. Mackenzie possessed some knowledge of the Bank's affairs it would have been impossible to have accomplished this work in the time allotted to us, namely, the period between the 1st May and the present date. I am glad to say, however, that by constant work almost night and day we are now able to lay before you the true position of the Bank. In doing so I wish to say that I realize to the full the gravity of what we have found it necessary to do, and the keen disappointment you will feel. The facts are that the Management was too anxious to build up a business quickly, and you are now to feel the effects of over-zeal and losses which have been incurred through unauthorized advances.

In the course of my investigation I find that some of our largest losses are in accounts never authorized or never reported to the Directors; in fact, in some cases the Directors were kept in total ignorance of their existence, never having heard of them until brought to their attention by us.

Without further comment, therefore, we will enter on the formal business of the meeting, and I will call upon the Secretary to read the Directors' Report.

### REPORT.

The Directors beg to present to the shareholders the Fifth Annual Report, covering the year ending 30th April, 1907, together with a statement of assets and liabilities as on the 31st May, 1907. For reasons which will be apparent as we proceed, the Report this year deals also with events which have occurred since the closing of the books on 30th April last.

During the past year it became evident that the affairs of the Bank demanded more time than the then President could give, and he expressed his desire to be relieved of the Presidency at the end of the Bank's year. At a meeting of the Board, held on the 1st May last, his resignation was accordingly accepted. At the same meeting Mr. D. M. Stewart resigned from the Directorate, and Mr. Aemilius Jarvis was elected to the Board to fill the vacancy thus caused. Mr. Jarvis was subsequently elected President in place of Mr. Macdonald, who consented to remain on the Board, and was elected Vice-President. Mr. J. H. Dunn of London, England, who was here at the time in the interest of the Dresner Bank, was also elected a Director.

It was represented to Mr. Jarvis that the duties of the Presidency would take up a considerable portion of his time, and that it would therefore be necessary to make his remuneration sufficient to compensate him for this. A resolution confirming this arrangement will be submitted for your approval.

The new President at once found it his duty to strengthen the Executive, and on the 6th May Mr. F. G. Jemmett, who had for 22 years been in the service of the Canadian Bank of Commerce and for the last five years Secretary of that Bank, became Joint General Manager. Mr. Stewart being at the same time granted leave of absence. Mr. Jemmett's first duty was to make as complete and exact a valuation as possible of the assets of the Bank, and the results of his valuation are given in his Report to the Board, which is as follows:—

### GENERAL MANAGER'S REPORT.

The President and Directors,

The Sovereign Bank of Canada:

Early in May last you offered me the position of Joint General Manager of this Bank, and on the 6th of that month I entered on my new duties, which, owing to Mr. Stewart's having been granted leave of absence, involved my taking at once full charge of the Bank.

Apart from the general supervision of the daily business of the Bank, the first task awaiting me was the valuation of the assets placed in my charge, and as there was an interval of only five weeks between the day on which I began work and the date set for the Annual Meeting of shareholders, I have had to devote myself to this valuation to the exclusion, as nearly as possible, of everything else.

In the very short time at my disposal it would have been impossible for me to have arrived at a definite conclusion without the invaluable assistance of the Chief Inspector, Mr. Robert Cassels, whom I have known for many years, and with whom I had for some time been intimately associated in the work of the Head Office of the Canadian Bank of Commerce. It is owing to the unwearied and intelligent aid of Mr. Cassels and of Mr. Mackenzie, the Inspector, both of whom entered the service some little time earlier than myself, that I have been able to complete my valuation by this date.

In the valuation of assets, amounting to \$25,000,000, it is obvious that there is room for a wide difference of opinion, but when a distinct element of doubt is clearly present in any particular asset, the only right course for a conservative banker is to take the safe view of it, and to place a definite value only on that amount which can, without reasonable doubt, be recovered within some reasonable time. Any conjectural value which an asset may have—any value which rests entirely on the ability of some person to do something he hopes he may be able to do, and which if he has good fortune it is perhaps not unreasonable to think he may be able to do—should be clearly disregarded. The value, therefore, which has been placed on the Bank's assets is the value which we feel certain can be recovered not in all cases at once, but by the exercise for a reasonable time of care and patience.

The results of my examination made on the lines which I have indicated are as follows:—

I have to recommend that there be written off for bad debts \$700,655.91, for depreciation in securities \$150,607.95, and for reduction in Bank premises and furniture \$48,109.25. In addition to the foregoing the sum of \$541,494 should be set aside in Contingent Fund for accounts which are in liquidation, or in which there is a large element of doubt, and a further Contingent Fund of \$300,000 should be provided in respect of certain unsatisfactory advances, the outcome of which is at present by no means clear. To do this it will be necessary to appropriate the whole of the Rest Fund, leaving the Bank with a paid-up capital of \$3,000,000. After this has been done there will remain \$25,252.50 to carry forward in the Profit and Loss Account of the current year. There is no question that this result will be a great disappointment to the Board, and it is with much regret that I find it my duty to advise you to this effect. My

course, however, was clear—to take the facts as I found them, and to inform you as promptly as possible of the real condition of the Bank.

It would be of the utmost importance to the use, and would be extremely distasteful to me, to enter into any criticism of the previous administration, or to try to account for the large losses which have occurred. The depreciation in securities is perhaps not more than should be expected in a year in which values have shrunk as they did last year, and I should hope that under favorable conditions a considerable portion of the amount written off should be recovered.

In the very nature of things a new Bank without a history to guide it is almost certain to incur losses which an older Bank would avoid. These considerations apply with special force in this particular case. The Bank has in the past been too ambitious. It has piled up its figures at an extraordinary rapid rate, and it has paid the natural penalty for attempting to grow too fast, and for departing from the beaten paths of experience, which in banking more than in any other business it is most necessary to follow. But the losses which have been made are far too heavy to be explained in this way, and I ought perhaps to say that in many cases loans have been made for which sound banking principles offer no apparent justification, and under methods directly contrary to those which will be followed by the present management.

If my Report is adopted the figures of the Profit and Loss Account and of the General Balance sheet of the Bank will be as follows. It will be observed that the Profit and Loss statement is as of 30th April, with my adjustments made as an addendum. The general balance sheet is as of the 31st May:—

Balance at credit of Profit and Loss Account on 30th April, 1906	\$ 15,931 77
Net profits for the year ended 30th April, 1907, after deducting charges of management, Provincial Government and Municipal Taxes, Advertising Expenses and accrued interest on Deposits, and after making some provision for Bad and Doubtful Debts	243,027 16
Premium on new stock	25,950 93
	\$284,908 93

Which has been apportioned as follows:—

Quarterly Dividends at 6 per cent. per annum—	
No. 13, paid 16th Aug., 1906	55,727 11
No. 14, paid 16th Nov., 1906	57,431 30
No. 15, paid 16th Feb., 1907	58,798 20
No. 16, payable 16th May, 1907	60,000 00

Transferred to Reserve Fund	\$251,956 61
Written off Safes and Office Furniture	7,832 71
	\$ 265,739 32
To this have been added:	
Amount transferred from rest account	\$1,255,950 00
Amount transferred from capital account	1,000,000 00
	\$2,275,119 61

Against the total thus arrived at the following amounts have been charged:	
Written off bad debts	\$ 700,655 91
Written off for depreciation in securities	150,607 95
Written off Bank Premises and Furniture	48,109 25
Reserved for unearned discount	9,000 00
	\$ 908,373 11

Transferred to Contingent Fund as a provision for Bad and Doubtful Debts in liquidation	\$541,494 00
Transferred to Special Contingent Fund as provision for certain accounts, the outcome of which is not yet assured	800,000 00
	\$1,341,494 00

Balance carried forward in Profit and Loss Account	25,252 50
	\$2,275,119 61

### GENERAL STATEMENT.

31st May, 1907.

<b>Liabilities:</b>	
Notes of the Bank in circulation	\$ 2,009,250 00
Deposits not bearing interest	\$ 2,262,650 88
Deposits bearing interest	11,737,564 61
	14,001,215 49
Balances due to other Banks in Canada	118,487 36
Balances due to Agents in Great Britain	1,648,788 71
Balances due to other Banks in Foreign Countries	1,706,832 16
Dividends unpaid	3,928 50
Other liabilities	8,313 59
Capital paid up	3,000,000 00
Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward	25,252 50
	\$22,522,168 31

<b>Assets:</b>	
Gold and Silver Coin	\$ 212,447 81
Dominion Notes	1,181,491 00
	\$ 1,393,938 81
Deposit with Dominion Government for security of note circulation	80,000 00
Notes of and Cheques on other Banks	1,061,091 78
Balances due from other Banks in Canada	230,293 89
Government Bonds, Municipal and other Securities	1,801,200 87
Call and Short Loans	2,915,199 56
	\$ 7,531,730 91

Other Current Loans and Discounts	14,458,778 00
Past Due Bills (fully provided for)	44,443 45
Real Estate (other than Bank Premises)	11,938 09
Bank Premises and Safes and Office Furniture	64,233 25
Other Assets	11,044 61
	\$22,522,168 31

Toronto, 31st May, 1907.

So far as the future of the Bank is concerned, I have no hesitation in saying that its prospects are of the best. It will have a fully paid-up capital of \$3,000,000, which may be certain is absolutely intact, while in the Special Contingent Fund it has, I hope, the nucleus of a Rest Account, which I trust will within the next few years begin to assume respectable proportions. We have throughout Ontario and in part of Quebec a large and valuable business. Our country branches have as a whole been well selected—although we think it altogether likely that some of them will have to be closed—and our country Managers undoubtedly have the confidence of the farming and mercantile community. Our deposits have shown remarkable growth, and at the moment they amount to over \$12,000,000, of which over 90 per cent. are of a thoroughly normal and healthy nature. Their growth has naturally been checked to some extent by the recent feeling of uncertainty, but now that this has been removed, now that we know our exact position, and that our assets on their present valuation are on as sound and clean a basis as any Bank could possibly desire, I have no doubt that the Bank will again make steady and continuous progress, and that the esteem in which it is held throughout the country districts will year by year increase. The Bank has its own distinct sphere of usefulness, and in working along safe, sound and conservative lines it will do its full share in contributing to the prosperity of the districts in which it is represented.

F. G. JEMMETT,  
Joint General Manager.

Toronto, 8th June, 1907.

The results of this examination were a most painful surprise to your Board, but after the figures had been carefully revised by your President and considered by the Board, they deemed it necessary to confirm Mr. Jemmett's recommendation.

A by-law will be submitted to you reducing the Capital, and authorizing the necessary application to the Treasury Board for the confirmation of your action.

Mr. Stewart's resignation of his position as General Manager has been submitted to the Board and duly accepted. Mr. F. G. Jemmett, the Joint General Manager, has been appointed General Manager in place of Mr. Stewart.

You will observe that the Profit and Loss Statement submitted herewith is that of 30th April last, being the end of the Bank's year, with the additions of the adjustments made by the new Executive. The Statement of Assets and Liabilities is, however, as of the 31st May instead of the 30th April. This change has been made principally for the reason that as the President and General Manager only assumed their new duties on the 1st and 6th May respectively, they could not possibly deal with the figures for the 30th April, a date before their responsibility began. In addition to this, it is felt that as the 31st May and 30th November are the dates on which a number of the other Banks close their books for the half-year, it is better that we should conform to the more general custom. A by-law will therefore be submitted for your approval changing the date of the Annual Meeting from the second Tuesday in June to the second Tuesday in July. The only practical effect to the shareholders will be that they will receive their dividends in March, June, September and December, instead of on the present dates, and that the dividend payable in December next will be for four months instead of three. The dividend for the current three months on the capital will be paid on the 16th August as usual.

Branches or sub-agencies have been opened at the following places during the past year:—

Beaverton, Ont.  
Beebe Plain, Que.  
Brampton, Ont.  
Brechtin, Ont.  
Brome, Que.  
Callender, Ont.  
Durham, Ont.  
Englehart, Ont.  
Fletcher, Ont.  
Halifax, Ont.  
Hamilton, Ont.  
Harrietsville, Ont.  
Lambeth, Ont.  
New Liskeard, Ont.

New York, N.Y.  
North Bay, Ont.  
Owen Sound, Ont.  
Pufferlaw, Ont.  
Queensville, Ont.  
Sandwich, Ont.  
South Woodley, Ont.  
Sprucedale, Ont.  
St. David's, Ont.  
Stantstead, Que.  
Stratford, Ont.  
Tilbury, Ont.  
Windsor, Ont.

AEMIILIUS JARVIS,  
President.

Toronto, 11th June, 1907.

President's remarks in moving the adoption of the Report:—

You have heard the Report of the Directors, in which is embodied the Report of the General Manager, and it is now my duty to move the adoption of this Report.

It may seem to some of you that it is expressed in very formal and cold-blooded language, but the Report, as you will understand, is the document in which the actual facts are recorded. For myself personally I wish to express to you my sincere regret that it should have been necessary to lay this Report before you, but with the facts as they are we had absolutely no alternative. I can only hope that the progress which we confidently expect to make during the next few years will in course of time repay you all for the losses which you have made.

It may be thought by some that our valuations have been too drastic, but I unhesitatingly affirm that not one dollar has been treated as bad or doubtful that we do not honestly believe to be so. The basis of valuation has been that where we have no security whatever, and little or no prospect of recovering the debt, we have considered it bad and written it off. Where there is inadequate security and doubt as to the success of the particular business or venture upon which the security is based, or where the market price is at present against us, we have considered it doubtful and placed it in Contingent Account. There is no doubt in my mind at all that with an improvement of values and an easing of money a considerable portion of the money that has been placed in Contingent Account will be ultimately recovered, but we should be misleading you if at the present moment we did not provide for the worst.

Owing to the lack of time and the necessity for ensuring that the information did not become known outside, and used to the disadvantage of the shareholders at large, we have not printed this Report, but have had only a few copies typewritten. It will, however, be printed as quickly as possible, and a copy sent to each shareholder.

I now beg to move the adoption of the Report, which will be seconded by the Vice-President, Mr. Macdonald. Before, however, the question is put to the meeting, the General Manager will say a few words.

Mr. Randolph Macdonald seconded the adoption of the Report, and in doing so spoke as follows:—

In seconding the Report which has been submitted to us, I feel very keenly the unfortunate position in which we find the Bank to be. As former President of the Bank I do not for one moment wish to evade any responsibility.

When Mr. Holt resigned the position of President I was very loathe to assume the President's duties, preferring to remain Vice-President, feeling I was not possessed of the necessary Bank training, and having large contracts of my own to carry on could not devote the time needed. However, the Board desired that I take the position, and ever since then I have devoted as much of my time as I possibly could to looking after the affairs of the Bank, and have faithfully and honestly endeavored to carry on the work to make it a successful institution. It was found, however, that having the Executive offices in Montreal, and the General Manager residing there most of the time, that it was impossible to give that constant supervision to the affairs of the Bank that was necessary, and it is only fair to myself and the Directors to say that many large loans were made and accounts opened without my knowledge, or the knowledge or approval of the Board, and in some cases it was months afterwards before we became aware of them.

Our late General Manager was so successful in organizing the Bank, and had succeeded in getting such a large amount of business, that the Board and myself naturally placed a great deal of confidence in him, and apart from a considerable depreciation in our securities, which we naturally expected, did not realize the position until a full investigation was made by the present General Manager.

I have gone over the figures presented by the new Executive and embodied in the Report, and I second the adoption of that Report, yet I believe and hope that the accounts will prove very much better than the Report would indicate, and with the present excellent organization and healthy business, with such a large amount of deposits, confidently believe that we will be able to realize a large share of the amounts which the present Management have considered it necessary to take. It is, however, good business now, and we are, as it were, cleaning the slate to provide for every possible loss. This, I feel sure, has been done, and, as I stated before, though I think they have made more provision for bad debts than is necessary, yet it will redound to the credit of the Bank in other years. In concluding, I can only express again my regret that the Statement was not more satisfactory. But with the active, energetic and business-like President, who has a Bank training, and with the careful, assiduous and able General Manager, whom we have been so fortunate to secure, the Sovereign Bank will now take its place as one of the most prosperous and leading Banks of the country.

Before putting the motion to the meeting, the President asked the General Manager to say a few words, and Mr. Jemmett then said:—

Now that my Report to the Directors and the Directors' Report to the shareholders have been read, it is not necessary that I should speak to you at any length. There are, however, one or two points on which I think it is well to say a few words.

In the first place, I want to express to you my personal regret that it should have been my lot to make a report on your property which cannot but be regarded by you all as most disappointing. For the facts as I have found them, I have, of course, no responsibility. The tasks which I had was to take these facts, ascertain what they really meant, and what the assets of the Bank were actually worth, and to place before the Board as quickly as possible the results of my examination.

This I have done, and my figures are before you. As I have said in my Report, I am sure that the Bank is now on a thoroughly sound basis, that you know the worst of it, and that you need have no apprehension regarding the future. If the present prosperity continues—and at the moment there seems little reason to doubt it—it is possible that from the amount which has been placed in the first Contingent Account some recoveries may be made, but the shareholders' wisest course will be to consider that the whole of that amount will be required to liquidate the debts against which it has been provided.

The position of the special Contingent Account is a little different. This account is provided mainly in order to meet possible losses on certain accounts which from a banking standpoint are in a very unsatisfactory condition. The full account of the advances in these accounts could not possibly be recovered at the present time, while the ultimate course of recovery is not yet within sight. It is quite possible, however, that the securities held against some or all of these debts may before long work into a better position, and that in the course of time they may enable us to liquidate the whole or the greater part of the debts against which they are respectively held. If this should prove to be the case, we should be able to transfer from time to time a substantial portion of this Contingent Fund into a Rest Fund.

We are now making a new start. We have a paid up Capital of \$3,000,000, all of which is absolutely intact. We have deposits amounting to more than four times our Capital, and in these and in the excellent business connections at home and abroad which we have, we possess an extremely valuable asset.

The country branches as a whole have been well chosen, and many of them have a business which is far more valuable than I could have anticipated. We have in our country Managers a loyal and enthusiastic body of men, who, during the last few months have shown very clearly that they possess the confidence and esteem of the different communities in which they are the representatives of the Bank.

In the fresh start that we are making, all this will count very heavily in our favor. The staff will, I am sure, turn again to their duties with the relief of knowing the exact position of the Bank, while the shareholders will, I trust, feel that with the ordinary good fortune the value of their property should increase considerably during the next few years. And in order that this may be the case I trust that the individual shareholders, who are the owners of this property, will continue in the future to do all that they can to assist their Bank. Remember that you are the owners, we are only the managers. And I therefore wish to make it a personal request to every one of the Bank's shareholders that they will in every legitimate way promote the interests of their own Bank. That they do their own banking business with us may, I hope, be taken for granted. But in many ways, direct and indirect, the influence which our shareholders have in their different localities may often be of great advantage to the Bank. I hope that this influence will always be used in our favor, and that the shareholders will feel it their duty to join hands with the officers of the Bank in helping on in every way the progress of their own institution.

A ballot was then taken on the adoption of the Report, and it was declared by the scrutineers to be carried unanimously.

It was then moved by Mr. Randolph Macdonald, seconded by Senator McMillan:—

That By-law No. 8 to authorize the Directors to apply to the Treasury Board for permission to reduce the capital stock of the Bank by \$1,000,000 be and is hereby adopted.

A resolution was then submitted changing the date of the Annual Meeting of the shareholders from the second Tuesday in June to the second Tuesday in July.

It was moved by Mr. G. C. Martin, seconded by Mr. Stanley Mills, That the Head Office and all branches be regularly inspected at least once during each year, and that the Chief Inspector, in addition to his annual reports



to the General Manager and Board of Directors, be instructed to make a separate report direct to the President, and furthermore that at each Annual Meeting of the shareholders the President make reference to this resolution and state that he has received and examined such reports.

On the motion being put, the General Manager stated that what the mover had in view was already in force in the least objection to the well conducted Bank, and that there was not the least objection to the resolution being passed. The motion was then carried unanimously.

On motion of Mr. W. E. McNaught, M.P.P., seconded by Mr. Randolph Macdonald, the meeting then proceeded to elect Directors for the ensuing year. On a vote being taken the scrutineers declared that the following gentlemen had been elected Directors:—

Aemilius Jarvis, Randolph Macdonald, A. A. Allan, Archibald Campbell, M.P., Hon. D. McMillan, Hon. Peter McLaren, W. K. McNaught, M.P.P., A. E. Dymont, M.P., Alexander Bruce, K.C. The meeting then adjourned.

At a subsequent meeting of the newly-elected Board Mr. Aemilius Jarvis was elected President for the ensuing year. Mr. Randolph Macdonald First Vice-President, and Mr. A. A. Allan Second Vice-President.



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We have now completed arrangements for the purchase of the entire stocks of the **UNITED ARTS AND CRAFTS, LIMITED**, of 91-93 King St. West.

The United Arts and Crafts dealt in exclusively high-class Art Furniture, Rugs, Draperies, Wall Papers, Pottery, Brassware, Bric-a-brac, etc. It is not our intention to continue the business and the whole of their stocks will be sold on the above named premises at greatly reduced prices.

Due announcement of the sale will be made in the daily papers.

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Ellen Terry, in giving some autobiographical notes in McClure's Magazine, says:

The rehearsals for "A Winter's Tale" were a lesson in fortitude. They taught me once and for all that an actress's life (even when the actress is only 8) is not all fun and glory. I was cast for the part of "Mamilius" and my heart swelled with pride when I was told what I had to do. But many weary hours were to pass before the first night. If a company has to rehearse four hours a day now it is considered a great hardship, and players must lunch and dine like other folk. But this was not Kean's way. Rehearsals lasted all day, Sundays included, and when there was no play running at night until 4 or 5 the next morning!

I don't think any actor in those days dreamed of lunch. How my poor little legs used to ache! Sometimes I could hardly keep my eyes open when I was on the stage, and often, when my scene was over, I used to creep into the greenroom and forget my troubles and my art (if you can talk of art in connection with a child of 8) in a delicious sleep.

"Come in here, I wish to tell you a piece of gossip Mrs. Smith told me." "Is it good?" "Is it? I had to promise not to tell a soul before she would tell me."—Houston Post.

Rosa—Now, Max, you really must speak to papa to-day. Max—Certainly, darling. He's got a telephone, I suppose?—Fliegende Blätter.

## Society at the Capital

TWO weddings which for some weeks past have been the all-absorbing topics of interest, especially among the young friends of both brides, were last week consummated amid much merrymaking and rejoicing, the only disagreeable factor in either event being the weather, which has been treating us most shamefully this spring.

On Wednesday, the day set for the first of these joyous events, the sun condescended to shine brightly for just an hour or two at noon, while the nuptials were performed of Miss Agnes Katharine Davis, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Davis, to Mr. Arthur Brophy, son of the late J. Purcell Brophy, and Mrs. Brophy, of Ottawa. St. Joseph's church had, for the occasion been beautifully decorated with all the different white blossoms of the season and all the youth, beauty and fashion of the capital, most of whom were guests, thronged the large church. The bridal procession filed up the aisle to the inspiring music of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," with the groomsmen, Mr. Gladwyn Macdougall, leading the way, the ushers, Mr. Michael Davis, Mr. D'Arcy McGee, Mr. Rowland Lewis, Mr. P. B. Baskerville, Mr. Sam McDougall and Mr. Fred White immediately behind. Following them came a sweet little flower girl, Miss Margaret Davis, niece of the bride in a dainty white organdy gown and sash of pale blue and carrying a monster bouquet of the loveliest sweet peas. A small page in white sailor suit, Master Allan Scott, was her attendant and after him came four most attractive bridesmaids, Miss Nell Davis, of Montreal, Miss Frances Sullivan of Kingston, Miss Gertrude McGrady of New York and Miss Edith Dormer, of Buffalo, all in the loveliest gowns of blush pink silk net over chiffon and silk most becomingly made with transparent yokes, surplined bodies and the skirts trimmed in Greek design with wide satin ribbon. Their large white hats bore graceful plumes and large bunches of pink roses, and they each carried pink and white sweet peas. The maid of honor, Miss Alice Fitzpatrick, similarly attired, brought up the rear of the attendants. All eyes were then turned to meet the bride, a tall graceful brunette, who came in with her father, and wore a robe de nocces of the most exquisite old rose point lace made in princess effect over cream satin, the skirt en train and having a deep flounce of the same beautiful lace, and the bodice simply made with a transparent yoke, and finished with a high satin girdle. The usual veil and orange blossoms were tastefully arranged, and a magnificent diamond necklace, her mother's gift, put the finishing touch to the most perfect and richest wedding toilette that could be imagined. The bride presented, as mementoes of the happy day, to the maid of honor, a pretty pendant of peridot and pearls and to the bridesmaids, gold and pearl bracelets. The groom's gift to the ushers were silver card cases, and to the best man he presented gold cuff links. At the reception which followed at 565 Rideau street, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Davis, the floral decorations were simply lovely, being mainly of quantities of American Beauty roses. After the usual toasts, etc., the guests wandered out on the broad lawn where a large marquee was erected and small tables were comfortably arranged where the most delicious refreshments were served. Mr. and Mrs. Brophy left by special train at 2.30 p.m. for Montreal en route to Norfolk, Virginia, where the honeymoon is being spent. The bride travelled in a very smart suit of brown cloth, with white cloth vest, cuffs and collar embroidered in shades of tan and pale blue. A hat of tan leghorn with gracefully arranged brown velvet loops, and shaded roses completed a most chic costume.

On the following day, Thursday, the Clerk of the Weather, was in anything but a good mood and an incessant downpour, was the portion given to the brightest and most winsome little bride imaginable, Miss Dora Oliver, second daughter of Hon. Frank Oliver, Minister of the Interior, and Mrs. Oliver. The lucky groom was Mr. John Jamieson Anderson, manager of the Union Bank, Edmonton, Alta., and formerly a resident of Quebec. The ceremony was at three o'clock at St. Andrew's church and was a very pretty one, despite the dull weather which did not deter any of the guests from wearing their best and prettiest gowns. The church was lovely with white roses, lilacs, lilies and ferns. The petite bride wore an imported gown of fine

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silk embroidered net over chiffon and silk, the bodice laid in folds in surplice effect and trimmed with sparkling passementerie of silver, the sleeves fashioned of numerous tiny ruffles with deep frills of Maltese lace and a high girdle of satin with silver Empire buckles, the whole having the softest and most becoming effect possible. Her two attendant maids, Miss Claire Oliver and Miss Duluc, of Winnipeg, were gowned alike in pale blue silk net, the bodices draped similar to the bridal gown, having bretelles and trimmings of Irish lace and long ribbon sashes falling over the trains from the girdles. Their Harrison Fisher hats were particularly becoming and had long plumes and full bunches of ribbon, with wide ties passing under the chin and tied in a large bow on the left side. Bouquets of Sunset roses contrasted beautifully with their pretty gowns, and each wore a topaz pendant on a fine

molair with clusters of shaded asters and bird of paradise plume.

THE CHAPERONE,  
Ottawa, June 10th, 1907.

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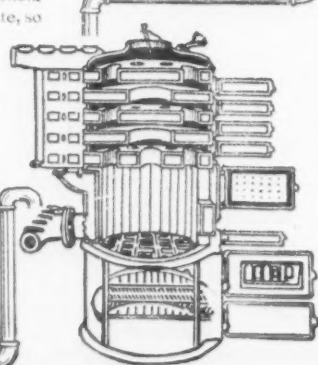
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### IN LILAC-TIME

By HAL

FOR some time the tulips have been making a brave show in parks and gardens all about the city. They play a useful part, too, for they attract the passerby and infuse some of their own brightness, for a moment anyway, into his dull, work-colored thought. But what is there about a bed of tulips to arouse sentiment and set pleasant recollection at play? Nothing at all. What man as he passes on a car to his duties down town can gaze upon a mass of these brilliant but scentless flowers, and reflect that he was once inspired by a tulip bed to make love or indulge in some other happy madness? No, the tulip is all cultivation, and no sentiment.

How different the good old lilac tree! It thrives on neglect; it grows in back yards; it is common; no culture is lavished upon it; but it has a royal spirit, and its perfume never fades under any circumstance. It is an old friend that is always the same, that needs no pampering to give out the best that is in it. I think it was "The Khan," good wholesome poet of the plain people, who once said that the lilac ought to be recognized as Canada's national emblem. He pointed out that this sturdy shrub has the essentials of greatness. Once planted it scarcely ever dies, though it may be forsaken by human hands, and if it is chopped down it springs up again as strong and fragrant as ever. Yes, great is the lilac, and where is there a Canadian who has no pleasant memories of lilac-time?

Most of us remember some old home garden. There may not have been tulips there in the spring time, but it is pretty sure that there were lilacs, and if there were both, or if there were a dozen kinds of bloom in the garden, there would be no question as to which was the favorite of our childhood. The lilac was best of all, and is most affectionately remembered.

I have distinct recollections of one old garden where a very small boy used to have high jinks in lilac-time. This boy held the front lawn in as much detestation as he did broad white collars, but he loved the good old back yard. There were all sorts of possibilities for fun there. It was a place for free and joyous living—a world in itself indeed. There was mystery, too, of course in that old back yard, for no world could be complete or worth while without that. At certain times and in certain corners the boy could make believe he was anything or anywhere he chose. Almost. There were lilac trees of course, and down in the corner where they grew was the boy's favorite spot for play, for planning mischief, or for dreaming.

The boy had a sweetheart in those days, too. She was his first sweetheart—at least the first he could recall now in all probability. She lived across the way in a house that was much smaller than the one the boy lived in, and had no yard that could be compared with his. So the two became famous chums, to the occasional annoyance of the boy's mother, and to the unmitigated horror of one of his aunts who often came to the house. The latter would sometimes say: "It's not at all right for him to be continually with that common child. Goodness knows what sort of ways he will pick up from her!" Whereupon the boy's father, who had been heard himself to remark that the girl's family lived "under very unsanitary conditions," would laugh a certain quiet, wise laugh of his, that disposed of the aunt's remark more effectively than argument.

The boy, if he heard his companion disparaged, generally flew into a passion that was quite terrible in such a slight creature—a "tantrum" his mother called it. He sometimes quarreled fiercely with his sweetheart and called her names himself. But to hear her spoken of slightly hurt and enraged him. He could not understand why anyone should dislike her. All he knew was that she was rosy and, in his eyes, wholesome and heartsome. True her hands and face were often not too clean. True she called the trees of perfumed purple under which they played in June-time, "lay-locks." But what of it? These things didn't make her any less delightful as a chum. Sometimes, not having his fertile imagination, she could not see some of the mysterious things he pointed out as existing in the old yard. But he did not grow impatient with her for this, because he loved her, and therefore his childish heart held her to be part of the mystery he felt was about.

How different that boy became—for I know him yet! If he were now to meet her who was his little chum, her whom he swore to himself he would marry when he grew up, he would, unless she were changed beyond all human probability, regard

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her in quite a different light. She might be just as simply great in heart and as lovable as she was in the long ago, but if her tongue should stumble over the old obstacles, he would notice it, and feel a sense of detachment in spite of himself. Such is human nature, and so the world goes.

Very few of us are content to pluck only the lilac blossoms—the simple, fragrant things of life. Some are attracted by the showy tulip—even the poppy. Others spend their years picking buttercups or violets or roses. Each instinctively goes his own path, making new companions and losing others by the way. But the rarest flowers fade quickly in the hand.

**The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb BIRTHS.**

ANDRAS—At the Cottage Hospital, June 10, 1907, the wife of Mr. Bertram Andras, of a daughter.

PEPALL—At 457 Dovercourt road, Toronto, on June 4, 1907, the wife of G. T. Pepall, a son.

STONE—Toronto, June 11, 1907, to

Mr. and Mrs. Jno. E. Stone, a daughter.  
HODGETTS—Toronto, June 1, 1907, the wife of Dr. Hodgetts, of a daughter.

MARRIED.

LUMBERS-MONTGOMERY—Toronto, on June 5, by the Rev. A. Gandier, Norman Wesley Lumbers to Jessie Helen Gladys Montgomery.

MAYO-HASTINGS—Toronto, June 5, 1907, Frederic J. Mayo to Marion (Birdie) Hastings.

SMITH-MYLES—Toronto, June 4, 1907, by the Rev. Canon Welch, Dr. David King Smith to Florence Adeline, daughter of Major Robert Myles.

McKINNON-FLEMING—At the residence of the bride's aunt, Miss Jennie Fleming, Boyd street, Owen Sound, on Wednesday, June 5, 1907, by Rev. Amos Tovell, Annie Warren Fleming, daughter of Mr. Chas. Fleming, to Robert Lachlan McKinnon, barrister-at-law, Osgoode Hall, son of Mr. and Mrs. John McKinnon, Guelph.

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### DEATHS.

MACKENZIE—At Rosedale, Toronto, June 6, 1907, Alexander William Mackenzie, in his 30th year.

DOCKRAY—Toronto, June 9, 1907, Margaret Dockray.